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# THE LEHIGH REVIEW

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tuum lupi non pacet. Ecce r

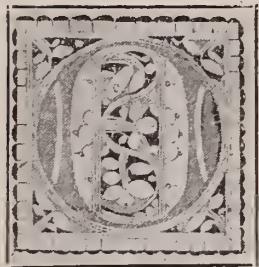
**O**mnis si pro hac populo

tuo sumus necessarii, non recu

so labore fuit uoluntas tua.

Ecce r **O**mnis necessarii

## AN OLD MUSIC MANUSCRIPT AT LEHIGH



THE PAGE of a curious old music manuscript, written some three hundred years ago, is in the possession of a Lehigh student. It is inscribed on heavy vellum, excellently preserved, measuring approximately two by three feet; and it contains six lines of a Latin hymn, with musical accompaniment, three lines on either side of the sheet. It was apparently taken from an Italian choir-book, of the type which originated in the thirteenth century and was employed everywhere at Church services. The immense size of these volumes was necessitated by the manner of their use. The book was placed on a stand about which all the choir boys ranged themselves in a semi-circle, so that the characters had to be large enough to be seen by the boys farthest away. Similar books are still to be found in use in the large Italian churches.

The system of musical notation employed, though well advanced, differs considerably from the one with which we are familiar. The notes are square, and solid black, with very thin, straight stems, and nothing to indicate their time value. Usually they stand alone, although sometimes two are joined in a chord, or three are linked in a triplet, or several are grouped into what looks like a run. The small black diamond-shaped sign at the end of each line except the first is a duplicate of the opening note in the following line, and is placed there for the convenience of the

musician, that in moving his eyes over the not inconsiderable space from one side of the page to the other, he may not be at a loss to know what to play in the meantime. At the end of the first line, concluding in an "Amen", which could be, and probably was, long drawn out, this guide note was unnecessary, and so omitted. The horizontal lines are drawn in red ink, and consist of only four, rather than the five we use now. The two small squares joined by a bar at the beginning of each set of lines indicate middle C. No added lines being used, it was occasionally necessary to shift middle C up or down the staff by a line or two; this was done sometimes in the middle of a line. The vertical black lines which intersect the staff at irregular intervals do not mark off measures, but merely indicate pauses, or breathing spaces, and so they are not extended across all four red lines, but intersect only the upper or lower three, according to whether the notes at that particular spot happen to be high or low. There was apparently no "time" as we know it today. The music was phrased according to the rhythm of the words. This archaic system of musical notation is still employed for certain types of Church music.

Mr. E. L. Crum, the paleographical expert of the Latin department, has studied the manuscript and deciphered and translated the text. The portion of the hymn recorded on the sheet begins abruptly in the middle of a sentence, includes a complete sentence, and breaks off in the middle of a third one. It reads:

. . . tuum lupi rapaces Eoe amen  
DOmine si adhuc populo

tuo sum necessarius non recu(—)  
so laborem fiat voluntas tua  
Eoae amen O SPiritum ineffabi(—)  
lem nec labore victim nec mor(—)

te vincendum quod nec mori ti(—)  
muit nec vivere recusavit  
Eoae amen OCulis ac ma(—)  
nibus in caelum semper intentus in . . .

This, Mr. Crum has translated as follows ". . . the destructive wolves . . . your . . . Eoe! Amen. O Lord, if I am as yet a friend to your people, I do not withhold my toil, that your will may be

done. Eoae! Amen. O ineffable Spirit, neither conquered by tribulations nor to be overcome by death, because it neither fears to die nor has it refused to live! Eoae! Amen. He, with eyes and hands always stretched toward heaven, in . . . "

The word "Eoe", also written "Eoae", defies translation. It is probably a stereotyped corruption of some such word as "Javeh", and is used as a conventional exclamation with which to end each sentence. The manuscript is dated by internal evidence from the latter sixteenth or seventeenth century, and it presents a number of interesting examples of the character of the paleography of that period. Abbreviations and contractions occur frequently and without indication. "Amen" is represented by a small red "a". "Per" and "quod" are represented respectively by "p" and "q" each with a stroke through the stem; and the latter might also be interpreted as "quam" or "qui". An "m" or an "n" is usually not written in the middle or at the end of a word, but is indicated by a short bar over the preceding letter. "Populo" is contracted to "ppulo", "Spiritum" to "SPirum", and "caelum" to "celum". Words are begun on one line and concluded on the next without the intervention of a hyphen.

As a piece of workmanship, the manuscript is of more than ordinary excellence, although done in a period when secular

manuscript illumination, in Italy, as elsewhere, was practically extinct owing to the multiplication of printed books. The letters are clear-cut, and made with bold yet accurate strokes. There are three capitals, intricately illuminated with geometrical patterns, upon which much painstaking care has evidently been expended. One of them is reproduced as the initial letter of this article. The coloring is reminiscent of the best period of Italian illumination. Thick pigments, which produce a hard and polished surface have been used; and sharpness of outlines has been retained without losing depth and richness of colour. The pigments are more opaque than those used in the countries north of the Alps, and the vivid scarlet and bright blue are particularly Italian, as is the absence of gold leaf.

An amusing feature of the manuscript are the comic faces, with which the monk who labored over it embellished the various capital letters. Some half-dozen of these occur on the two sides of the page, both profile and full face. One of them is reproduced here.

It is interesting to know that the University Library possesses a complete choir-book of the type from which this leaf was taken, and apparently of about the same period.

The page described here is owned by Dudley L. Harley.



## YOU CAN'T FOOL WITH LOVE

A short story based upon the Play of the same name  
by the French dramatist, Alfred de Musset.  
By REVERE BEASLEY

PERDICAN and Camille had been childhood sweethearts. They had gone to school together, played games together, and loved each other. They had loved each other with that pure, first love of early childhood. Then came separation. Perdican had been sent to Paris to college, and Camille had gone to a Convent school.

Neither of them realized that, although they were cousins, the old Baron had planned from the start that they should be married just as soon as their education was completed, and they had attained their majority. It was his ambition to wed his son, Perdican, happily or otherwise, to the beautiful and charming Camille. Of course, if they loved each other, so much the better, but, after all, love was only a secondary consideration. The primary thing was to get them married. And now the time for bringing them together had arrived.

It had been ten long years since they had left the little village which was their home, and both had for some time looked forward to this day when they would return. Perdican, who had been more fortunate in making connections, was the first to arrive. He stood talking to his father when Camille entered the room. Perdican gasped, astonished at her beauty. It was almost unbelievable that this lovely creature was the same little girl he had known ten years ago. "Camille!" he exclaimed, "how sweet you are, and beautiful as the day! Such a metamorphosis! You are a woman! And I, I am a man! It seems only yesterday that we were mere tots playing together in the garden. Just look, Father, how beautiful she is!"

"Yes, indeed," assented the Baron. "Come, Camille, kiss your cousin." Ca-

mille drew back, and the Baron continued, "A compliment deserves a kiss. If she refuses to kiss you, my son, then you must kiss her."

Perdican was a bit more tactful than his father. He merely laughed, "Come, come, Father, love can steal a kiss where friendship can't."

"Neither friendship nor love," corrected Camille frigidly, "should receive what they cannot give." With that, she turned her back and walked to the window.

The Baron seemed disturbed by the turn his little scheme had taken. After all his planning, it seemed as though the whole affaire would not end as he had hoped. Perdican had shown only a slight affection for the girl of his father's choice, and Camille was positively cold. She had shown no spark of tenderness whatever. Could it be possible that they had forgotten their childhood love of ten years ago? To the Baron it appeared that such was the case. He excused himself and left the room, leaving the two young people alone together.

After a few moments of painful silence, Perdican walked to the window and stood beside Camille. "Why did you act like that?" he asked quietly. "Why did you refuse to kiss me?"

"Don't mind me," she said smiling. "I'm funny that way."

"Don't be like that. Come on, let's take a little walk around the village."

"No, I'm too tired."

"Aren't you interested in seeing the old place again? Don't you remember our little boat trips? Come along, we can walk down as far as the mill before supper. What do you say?"

Camille yawned very obviously. "I haven't the slightest desire to take a

walk."

"You make me tired. Haven't you a single memory, Camille? Not even a little place in your heart for recollections of our childhood, for all those happy times we had together? Surely, you want to see these things again."

"No, not tonight. I'm not young enough to play with my dolls, and certainly not old enough to enjoy reminiscences. I don't care a rap for the past. It bores me dreadfully."

Perdican was losing patience. "It bores you? Poor child! I feel sorry for you."

"Don't waste any sympathy on me, and you needn't be so sarcastic!" She went to the door and opened it. "I'm going to take a little nap," she called back to him as she disappeared down the hall. "Have a good time with your dreams."

Left to himself, Perdican decided to take a stroll through the village alone. There must have been some changes since last he was home. It would be real interesting to look around. Picking up his hat, he left the house and started down toward the square.

When he arrived, he was surprised to find that everything was much the same as before. To be sure, the peasants had all grown a little older, but the village itself was unchanged. The most striking thing was that all of the little girls whom he had known in his boyhood, had grown into fine young women, and many were happily married to the boys with whom he had so often played. He stopped to chat with a little group gathered in front of the inn.

Apart from this little group, he saw Rosette; pretty little Rosette, whose husband he had often been in their childhood land of make-believe. Like Camille, she too had grown to beautiful womanhood. She was the picture of loveliness. He rushed impulsively to her and

grasped both of her hands. "Rosette, may I kiss you?"

"Certainly," she whispered. She was not at all like Camille in her manner, but she was just as charming. Yes, even more charming, as she turned her pretty lips up to his. He kissed her. Then a happy thought crossed his mind. "Are you married?" he asked, hoping earnestly that she was not. Her quiet, "No, not yet," reassured him, and he continued, "Quick! Run home and put on your new dress. I want you to come up to the chateau for supper." He didn't know whether he ought to have said it. His father would be furious. But he would cool off, and anyway, Rosette was beautiful.

The girl gave him a quick kiss, and fled down the path to her home. Perdican was happy. What did it matter if his father was angry? Only what about Camille? She would possibly be jealous. Good for her, that was just what he wanted. Maybe, if she realized that she were not the only one in whom he was interested, she wouldn't be so cold to him. Perhaps she might learn to love him just for spite; just to keep him from Rosette. So much the better. Any show of love, no matter what the cause, was better than no love at all. If she still remained passive, well, it was worth a try, and damn it all, Rosette was beautiful.

Turning these things over in his mind, he walked slowly back to the chateau.

## II.

The next day Perdican sat in the library trying to read. He was completely upset. His plan of the night before had failed miserably. His father had been angry, just as he had thought he would be, but Camille had not been jealous. Instead, she had been cordial to Rosette, and even colder to him than she had been before. Moreover, he had thought that he could love Rosette, if Camille still showed no affection. In this, too, he had

been mistaken. He knew now that he could be happy with no one except this one girl who obviously did not love him. Perdican was suffering the agony of unrequited love. He threw the book on the floor and lit a cigarette.

He was pacing up and down the room when the door opened quietly, and Camille entered. A faint ray of hope made Perdican's heart jump as he rose to greet her. "Up so early, Cousin?" He hesitated, uncertain as to how to proceed. Then he continued, "I feel just the same about you today as I did yesterday. You are the loveliest creature in the whole world."

"Talk seriously, Perdican!" she snapped. "Your father wants us to be married. I don't know what you think of the matter, but I do know how I feel."

"So much the worse for me if you dislike me." He was trying to act unconcerned.

"Oh, I don't dislike you, but I don't want to marry you. I came in to say good-bye to you. I am going away tomorrow."

Perdican moved toward her. "Please, Camille," he began excitedly, "give me your hand. Why are you afraid of me? You don't want to marry me? Very well! We won't be married; but is that any reason for hating each other? Can't we still be friends?" He took her hand. "Here are your hand and mine locked together. As long as our friendship lasts, why should we marry?" That wasn't what he had intended to say at all. He wanted to tell her how much he loved her. And here he had rambled on about friendship. Well, it was too late now.

"I'm glad you have taken my refusal so indifferently," she said.

Her tone cut him to the quick. He tried again to say what he really meant. "I'm not indifferent, Camille. Your love would have given me life, but your friend-

ship will console me. Don't leave tomorrow. Yesterday you refused to walk with me in the garden, because you saw in me a husband which you didn't want. Stay here a few days, please. Let me hope that our former good times are not completely dead in your heart." If she would only stay a day or so there might still be a chance.

"I have to go."

"Why? Do you love someone else?"

"No; but I must get away from here."

"Well then, good-bye. I wish I might sit with you beneath the chestnut trees and talk about friendship for a while. But, if you don't want to, let's not say any more. Good-bye, dear." He left her and went out into the garden.

There in the little wood he saw Rosette. At first he tried to avoid her, then he thought better of it and walked toward her. She was a sweet girl. Perhaps a few minutes with her would make him forget his troubles. "Let's take a little walk," he said; but she, too, seemed to have changed her attitude toward him. Somehow she didn't seem as close as she had yesterday.

She shook her head. Completely ignoring his suggestion. She asked, "Do you think I enjoy all these kisses that you give me?"

"What harm is there in them? You shouldn't object to my kissing you. Aren't we friends?" There was that plagued friendship idea popping out again. Why couldn't he forget it?

"Mere words," she answered. "A kiss is a kiss. With other girls it may be different. Their fathers kiss them on the forehead; their brothers kiss them on the cheeks; and their lovers kiss them on the lips; but with me, everybody kisses me. And I don't like it!"

"My, but you are beautiful."

"Oh, forget that! You seem sad this morning." They sat down on the grass beneath a big oak. "Tell me what is

wrong."

"The peasants of our village remember having loved me; the dogs in the yard, and the trees in the wood remember, too; but Camille has forgotten." He stopped. A huge lump was forming in his throat.

Rosette put her arm around his shoulders. "There, there," she said, "smile and don't worry about it. It will all turn out all right. Just wait and see."

He smiled feebly. "You're a peach, Rosette, and don't ever lose that heavenly smile of yours; that comforting smile that I respect more than my life." He leaned down and kissed her gently. Then lay his head on her lap, and sobbed like a child.

Rosette stroked his hair. "You respect my smile," she said half to herself, "but you don't respect my lips."

"Forgive me," he sobbed, "and please go. I want to be alone. I feel ashamed of myself to be crying like this, but I can't help it." He raised his head from her lap and tried to smile. She rose. "Good-bye," she whispered, "and try to forget."

How long he sat there, Perdican didn't know. He was aroused from his thoughts by a little lad who handed him a note. "A lady up at the chateau gave it to me," he said. "She told me to find you and give it to you." Perdican took it automatically, and the boy disappeared into the woods. He opened the folded sheet and read, "Be at the little fountain at noon." It was Camille's hand-writing. What did she mean? Such coldness, a refusal so positive, so cruel, a pride so stern, and now a rendezvous on top of it all? If she wanted to talk over her departure, why did she choose such a spot as that? Could she be playing the coquette? That was hardly possible. He would soon find out.

Folding the note and putting it in his pocket, he turned his steps in the direction of the fountain. Camille was al-

ready there. "Hello, Cousin," she began. "It seemed to me, either rightly or wrongly, that you were sad when you left me this morning. You took my hand then, in spite of me; now I come to ask you to give me yours. I refused you a kiss, here it is." Taking his head between her hands, she kissed him upon the lips.

Perdican was astonished. He pinched himself on the arm to make sure that he wasn't dreaming. Camille laughed, and continued, "Did you think it strange when you got the note from me? It's a woman's privilege, you know, to change her mind. You said this morning that you wanted to talk for a while; well, here I am. Let's sit down." She sat on the edge of the fountain and dipped her fingers into the water. Perdican sat down beside her.

"Is it possible?" he mumbled. "Is it really you, Camille, whose image I see in the water? Is it you seated on the rim of the fountain as you used to be?"

"Yes, Perdican, it is I. I want to live in the past for a quarter of an hour. For ten years we have been separated. Tell me, have you ever loved anyone else?"

"No." This was a lie, but Camille had come to him in the garden; and he couldn't spoil things, now that they were going so smoothly.

"Do you think I am doing right in going away?"

"No!"

"It would be better for me to stay and marry you?"

"Yes. Camille, don't you see how I love you? Tell me you love me."

"I used to love you, Perdican, but no longer. I must go away. Forget me. Go out and make merry, and forget that Camille ever existed. Love only brings suffering, and I haven't the least desire to suffer. I have made up my mind. Tomorrow I shall go. Good-bye."

Perdican said nothing. This turn of

affaires had upset him more than ever. Could it be that she was just playing with him? That didn't seem possible. He couldn't understand her ever-changing attitude. Just when he thought that she did care, she had said good-bye. One thing, however, was certain. He felt wretched. For an hour he sat there, muttering to himself, and tossed pebbles into the clear water. Nothing seemed right. The world was all wrong.

### III.

Perdican didn't sleep at all that night. The events of the day kept passing through his mind. Next morning he arose early and went into the library. He had been there but a few minutes when he heard Camille's voice beneath the window. She was talking to Dame Pluche, her confidante. He thought he heard his name mentioned, therefore, he went to the window to listen. He had heard correctly. Camille was discussing the episode of the day before.

".... and so I am leaving today," he heard. "It is a terrible thing; but the poor fellow is broken-hearted. He simply will not be consoled for having lost me. I have reduced him to despair by my refusal."

Camille was saying that? Was it of him that she was speaking? He was despairing at her refusal? He was broken-hearted? What reason could she have for making up a story like that? His father had wanted to bring them together! She had refused! And now she was trying to say that he was desolate! He laughed aloud. "So I'm broken-hearted?" he fairly shouted. "I'll show her!" He sat down at the desk and began to write. "I'll ask her to meet me once more at the fountain," he muttered to himself as he wrote. "I'm sure she'll come; but, by heaven, she won't find what she expects to find! I'll make love to Rosette before her very eyes. Broken-

hearted, bah!" He folded the note and rang for a servant. "Give this to my cousin," he directed. Then he left the chateau and started toward the village, not stopping until he stood before the home of Rosette.

While Perdican was asking Rosette to come for a stroll in the garden, Camille was trying to decide whether or not she ought to meet him as he had asked. Finally, curiosity got the better of her, and she went to the fountain. Since it is the custom for girls never to be on time for an appointment, she did not want to appear to be the first one there, so she hid behind some shrubs to await his arrival.

She did not have long to wait, however, for he soon appeared with Rosette at his side. Camille watched them as they sat down together on the fountain ledge. Perdican put both his arms around her.

"I love you, Rosette," he said, holding her close to him. "I love you. You alone have not forgotten those times now gone forever; you alone remember the life that is no more. Won't you take your part in my new life? Give me your heart, dearest, and anything you ask of me is yours. Here is the pledge of our love." He took a golden chain out of his pocket and placed it around her throat.

"Do you really love me?" she asked.

"I do, and here is the proof." He slipped a ring from his finger, held it in his hand for a moment, then dropped it into the fountain. As it sank out of sight beneath the water, he said, "Camille gave me that ring. It is the last thing I had by which to remember her. Now that I have thrown it away, I shall forget her completely and think only of you."

"I'm so happy, Perdican, but one thing keeps my happiness from being complete. You are educated, and I am not. Aren't you afraid that will make a difference?"

"How you talk, dear. Of course it won't matter. You know nothing of literature, to be sure, but you do under-

stand the language of the woods and the fields. I, too, love these things. Rosette, won't you be my wife?"

Camille waited to hear no more. She left the place in a rage. When she had gained control of herself, she began to consider what had just taken place. Had that scene in the wood been planned for revenge? It was quite possible. Had Perdican been trying to show her that he loved another? Well, she wouldn't go away now. She would wait and see what happened. Even if she didn't want him, she would not let Rosette have him. Rosette wasn't good enough for him. After all, Perdican was rather nice. Yes, she would wait and see.

She wandered about the woods for some time. At length, she found herself back aside the old fountain. Perdican and Rosette had gone. She stood at the brink and looked into the clear water. There, resting on the bottom, she saw her ring. It recalled memories of the past; memories that she had tried so hard to forget; how she and Perdican had loved each other as children; how they had planned to be married when they grew up. Did she still love him? Too late she realized that she did. In foolishness, she had thrown her love away. And now, now he had proposed to Rosette. She fell to her knees and looked down at the ring. Instinctively she reached for it.

"Camille!" Perdican stood behind her. She turned and looked up at him. In her hand, she held the ring. He looked into her upturned eyes. "Camille," he said, "why did you do that? Why didn't you leave it there and forget me as you wanted to?"

"Perdican," she faltered, her eyes filled with tears, "can't you see I've changed? I've tried so hard not to love you, but I can't help myself. Please forgive me, and put the ring back on your finger. I love you so."

"Here, place it back on my finger your-

self." He held out his hand, and she did as he asked. "Oh, Camille, why do you give back this sad pledge of happiness that is no more? Tell me, why are you going away? Why are you staying? Your actions are a puzzle to me. I don't know what you are going to do from one minute to the next. But this I do know, I love you. Do you hear me? I love you. Nothing else matters."

"Then you do forgive me?"

"What is there to forgive? I love you, have loved you, and always shall love you. Isn't that enough?"

"Yes, dear, and I love you."

#### IV.

Two weeks later Camille and Perdican sat in the drawing-room of the chateau. The plans for their wedding were nearly complete, and they had both been extremely happy. This morning, however, Perdican seemed unusually quiet. Something was troubling him. Neither of them spoke for some time, then Perdican sighed.

"You know, dear," he said, "I have been worrying about Rosette." It was the first time he had spoken of the girl since that hectic day at the fountain. "When I told her that you loved me, and that I couldn't possibly marry her, she smiled and said she understood. She told me that she had known right along that I was in love with you, and for me to think no more about it."

"I know, but since then she has been getting pale and thin. She doesn't seem to be herself."

"That's just what bothers me. Do you suppose she really loved me? Do you suppose that....."

He was interrupted by the entrance of a peasant boy. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but Rosette is very sick. She wants to see you and Miss Camille." Without stopping for further questions, the two

(Continued on Page 51)

## REFLECTIONS ON THE CHANGING MOVIE

By G. A. FINCH

THE movies are incredible. They have always been so, I suppose; at present, though, they are one of the most remarkable spectacles of American life. A person whose earliest vivid recollections are concurrent with that period when the movies were in their post-elemental state—that is, a person who can remember when Mary Pickford and Harold Lockwood played together and to whom Lubin and Kalem are something more than names, could perhaps review to himself the development of this monstrous art to its present-day peak, and then his varying reactions to the movies. If he would survey his whole movie-going life subjectively, from the time when inaudible Indians were pursuers and ravishers of her every pale-faced virgin to the time when the modern heroine screams out a theme song explaining how badly she needs a man, sympathy for the distress of both kinds of heroines is indicative of his own change from the romantic mood to hard-boiled sophistication. For, in philosophically grandiose manner, he may decide that he and his generation have recapitulated the development of the movies. In spite, however, of the insistence of a certain tribe of reviewers that the movies are fast approaching what they consider to be the only feasible goal—that of providing entertainment which is **adult** (that paragon of all critical stereotypes of approval), one inclines to believe otherwise when the current product is considered. And the person cognizant of their present state, who could still believe that the movies were paralleling his own arrival at maturity, would be rightly judged in his second childhood.

Nevertheless, to a sensitive person, regardless of his own age at that more romantic epoch of the cinema, it must be

apparent that his pleasure in the movies then was more intense, his reactions more specific, and his interest more sincere than they are now. The joint appeals of action and beauty, the enchantment of distance, the doubly false notion of screen personalities where the types they portrayed were not likely to be at odds with the characters they were suspected of having in real life contributed to an enjoyment, the pleasure of which lay in the security of the illusion. If an entertainment which relaxes one and provides an escape from life confounds a person's sense of reality, the influence of the movies then cannot be as pernicious as their influence now when the factual side is stressed at the expense of beauty, but where, at the same time, impossible and untrue events have the deceptive air of actuality. The agreeable falsities of romance which the movies used to go in for can only be condemned on the ground on which all things romantic are. On the other hand, the movies of pre-war days had many commendable aspects: they did have much beauty, both of person and scene; they had action without too much reticulate psychology, which, if you ask me, is better than with no psychology or absurdly false psychology. And the morality of the earlier movies was above reproach, or better, obstacles to love were never sexual; a love which was not joined to ennobling impulses and feats of grandeur was immediately recognized. No such horrific delight could the movies give us as the spectacle of the lovely heroine being menaced by the heavy. We all knew what he wanted, but the more denuded the heroine became in her efforts to fight him off, the more glorious the intervention of the hero, the more sweet, we imagined, his pleasure. Un-

doubtedly because of the simplicity of this code, stories with less secondary themes were infrequent; and problem plays offered very dubious entertainment. Occupational stories were unpopular, except those about Northwest Mounted Policeman, diplomats, and beachcombers; on the other hand, geographically they were unlimited, although a special preference for the South Seas, "Small South American republics," and portions of the British Isles might be noted.

There is a natural tendency to group the older pictures around those heroic profiles of earlier days, some few of which have retained their eminence through ensuing crises in motion-picture development. But I should like to point out that perhaps the most memorable pictures were those transcriptions of novels which were brought to the screen largely by directors who now have vanished completely from the scene. To be sure, the memorable ones here were historic novels and novels of adventure, products certainly not of the greatest literary rank. But they did illustrate what the screen could do best: to reproduce in detail, in character, and in style, the visual imagery which must be supplied in the reading of the novel. But there are also auditory and olfactory sensations, the latter of which are unimportant, it must be pointed out, on the stage. As for sound—subtitles were a detriment, but even better than audible dialogue which breaks down the illusion that the screen so carefully inculcated. In reproducing a flow of action against its proper background with actors and actresses properly groomed for their characters, if not displaying all the fine distinctions of the originals, or, in other words, in giving one a visual context for a novel, the motion-picture was in its right medium. The fact that often the novel in print and the novel in celluloid were entirely different things does not alter the essential thing: the pleasure

derived from both was similar. Now I believe that in the motion-picture's approximation of the novel it had found its real end. The motion-picture is not a reproduction of the novel, but they are on parallel planes, one supplying important elements that must be imagined in the other, which ability on the part of the movie is also its limitation.

One of the real weaknesses of the older movies was their inability to explain subtle and complicated motives, therefore, the obvious, easily intelligible obstacles to the heroine's and hero's happiness. A lewd, hard-fisted, greedy guardian, a lecherous bandit, a forest fire, a mortgage, and weak-minded brothers, require no abstract analyses, a description in celluloid is usually sufficient. Also there arises from this fact the criticism from which the talkies seem to feel themselves free: the enclosure of the psychology of character within the subtitles. From the correct nature of their subject matter this was an objection which the best of the older pictures could answer. But the gradually changing tastes, even if we grant that they were slow in being reflected in the movie audience, gradually came to the fore; and it became a growing wonder just how the movies would adapt themselves to the change, and whether they could turn their backs entirely on their more or less solid tradition. The recognition that life was much more complex than it heretofore had been pictured must have been an admission that brought with it sorrow and resignation; I think one of those periodic upheavals of the movies must have been coincident with this moment.

Influences far and wide, then, finally brought the movies out of their adolescent detachment. As the audience which was growing up with the movies learned disillusionment through experience and a liberal dose of new scientific thought mixed with the psychology of Dr. Freud, so

the films, the inarticulate fosterers of romantic illusions, learned that life might—literally—be portrayed from many angles. After the **Cabinet of Dr. Caligari** came to this country (the people to whom this picture was the first experience in a new type of movie must have been especially conscious of this), the spell of the old enchanters was broken, and a period of turmoil was bound to ensue. With this came an actual demand for more psychological realism. I will not argue that possibly the changing tastes of the generation which grew up with the movies gave the impetus to the new movement: it was more likely they did not. But other influences were afoot, the most important of which were the potentialities lying in the manipulation of the camera to reveal experience in a new way; so it is not strange that new experiences also appeared to be revealed. **The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari** was a pioneer in both respects. **Variety** was a remove into the field of realistic literature. Others followed: they all showed the immense extension of the matter of the camera, a possibility that hitherto had been largely unsuspected in America.

As if to assert her modernism, to show that the great mother of the motion-picture was not barren, America put to use the next innovation in the production of motion-pictures, sound, from which fact we must not necessarily deduce the belief that the American entrepreneurs regarded the subtitle as a blemish to its art. It was a technical triumph, another eminent example of American engineering prowess. Artistic considerations did not come first; and I am not sure that they did in Germany's additions to the silent screen, but at least their technical knowledge was blended at once with a creative power to make an effective use of their discoveries. The unusualness of it perhaps blurred attention to a clear view of the actual achievement; the objective value of new approaches was considerably more im-

portant than the subjective consideration of the material. Perhaps the same criticism can be made of the American use of sound.

Of course, the immediate tendency in this country after the new invention had been realized was to exhibit all forms of sound as novelties, and to excite public curiosity about the new element. It was a success, and the important discovery of sound for sound's sake has done away entirely with one of the grand landmarks of the motion-picture industry—the old, two-reel comedy filler. (To people who were brought up on them, the idea that they are landmarks now is almost intolerable.) Theoretically, sound should replace subtitles, which does not wholly solve the difficulty of motivating characters without subtitles, unless the technique of the stage, and of the **well-made** play at that, is used. Incidental noises, such as can be reproduced in the studios, have been introduced and have been found to be surprisingly jarring and unrealistic. As a matter of fact, the incongruity of this is apparent and leads one to the conclusion that general sound should not be used until the movies can reproduce accurately all the sensual phenomena of life. Because the motion-picture is a different medium from the stage. That this fact has been realized is demonstrated by the lessening number of films which attempt to follow exactly a play, which efforts were frequent when sound was a distinct novelty. A surrender to a technique which would merely resolve itself into a photographic reproduction of the stage would be suicidal to the real nature of the motion-picture, and would only be advocated by fanatic lovers of the drama who believe it to be the only possible kind of dramatic expression. Generally speaking, on the stage action is subsidiary to the dialogue, and in the movies dialogue has always been subsidiary to action. The talkies at present are com-

promised between a direct imitation of the stage and an attempt to make something out of the old medium, where the visual element is most prominent, with those elements of dramatic technique added which most directly affect dialogue as it is required in talking pictures. The awful results of the coming of sound may be summarized by saying that no appreciable degree of realism has been added, because most dialogue is concocted and not thought out with the character; complex motivation is still beyond the grasp of the movies for the same reason; finally, that the thing which the movies did best before, the presenting of a pleasurable illusion of life, approximating the scope and purpose of the novel, has been given up entirely. Instead we have a hodge-podge in one picture of stupid dialogue, the craziest contradictions that can arise from a pseudo-realistic method, and the most primitive handling of psychological processes. To all of which will be said: Yet they still entertain. And perhaps the entertainment parallels still the development of that class which grew up with the movies.

But if we suppose that the movie lover of pre-sound days has outgrown his childish obsession and now really is looking for his "adult" entertainment, and has closely followed the vicissitudes of the pictures, we will apprehend him in abject despair. Not quite. There is still hope, and the hope this time comes, not so strangely, perhaps, from Russia. In the Russian motion-pictures produced by Sovkino there is one thing above all others to be observed: the camera is following the lines of the novel. In the first place, the Russians have realized the value of the image, more, that the image itself is better than the image evoked by words. That may seem self-evident, but compare the crude use of the flash-back, if used at all, in American cinematography and the skillful reconstruction in Russian pictures of a

previous scene — as remembered by the actual person — with what the psychologists would call the data of consciousness fully realized. If the director through his imaginative insight can re-create an accurate picture of a recollection, is it not more vivid, if truly realized, than the same feat turned by a novelist in the flatness of words? Here again you have the thing which the novelist evokes, immediately realized by the director through his camera; but, note, in the case of the camera, we have the possibility of recreating a whole state of mind, one of the things which had hitherto been considered impossible for the movies to do. If the camera can move into the realms of mental states, through the means of visual imagery, which of course is not the whole but an important part of certain kinds of experience, we have a close correspondence between the function of the director and the function of the novelist. Moreover, if the director can appropriate to pictures details of consciousness which have only recently been opened up by the novelist, we have an even more close relation between the novel and the movie established. And that I think is in line with the likeness I have previously pointed out between the two forms. It is not impossible that *Ulysses* could be made into a picture by turning the camera into a recording machine of consciousness. If only the intractable element of smell could be added! — to gain some of Joyce's mello-smellonesses.

Since the visual element is important in imagination, the camera can reveal almost everything but the most abstract of thoughts. Where the camera can excel the novel, though, is the recording of associations; of these, it must be admitted, the novel makes a more limited use, and only in the pure stream-of-consciousness novel are they accentuated. Yet they are of primary importance in mental experience. So, if the camera can give us a

more vivid and accurate record of associations, the motion-picture will be approaching the truth of experience more closely than the novel, the power of words to evoke association being inadequate when compared to the original consciousness which they seek to reproduce. For example, in a recent Russian picture, there is a convincing use made of this ability of the camera to record accurately associations. A shell-shocked Russian soldier has lived for two years in a small village along the Poland frontier, where he, without memory of the past and in a semi-imbecilic state, has served the woman who found him wandering about witless. The shock of seeing his wife's face as she passes through in a train brings him back to normal consciousness. This is shown on the screen by linking together all the associations which the recollection of his wife's face brings back: finally they are brought down to the actual episode wherein he suffered the shock. In this scene, the ability to reconstruct the visual imagery of a distorted mind is well demonstrated, and the value of such a feat may be judged by the way in which the whole sequence grips the attention. When such imagination and understanding are combined with truly sincere and simple acting, as is the fortune of the Russians to have at their disposal, the result, if it is judged by the reaction of an intelligent, unprejudiced audience, is significant in the extreme. Beside that one picture, most sound pictures I have seen seem shallow, crude, and unpleasant; I still believe profoundly in the ability of the movies to provide something more than superficial entertainment.

One more point about the Russian technique of the motion-picture should be observed: as far as I know, no use of sound has so far been made by them, —or even contemplated. In the picture I referred to, direct dialogue has been

largely avoided, so that subtitles occur only in about four places in the picture. This particular story, of course, does not require many spoken passages between actors, since it is the record of one man's experience, a chiefly subjective record, too. The Russians have that, I suppose, more primitive feeling for movement and the purely pictorial effect which is inherent in the use of the camera. And, evidently, they desire to keep that quality, at the same time enlarging the field of its vision. Through this extension, the application of the camera to the modern material of the novel has been made possible.

However, it seems to me that the motion-picture can only take its inspiration from the novel, and that it cannot be made to produce in its different medium a subject matter which already exists as an artistic entity. The vision must come from the man beside the camera, unless a novelist chooses to express himself through a motion-picture. As long as the novelist cares to entrust his work to the screen, even if his proxy is all sympathy and understanding, he must be prepared for the inevitable unlikeness to his original which must always result. Am I raising the motion-picture to the realm of literature? Not quite: but I do say that the motion-picture has every right in the world to an independent existence. And there is a strong undertone of suspicion that not much independence is going to be gained through sound.

But dialogue has its place, it will be said, even in the most modern of novels. That is true. That place, though, is a decidedly minor one on the screen, if we believe that the screen is largely pictorial in purpose. The greatest objections that appear to the use of sound at present are as follows: In the first place, there are technical obstacles to the production of a complete and accurate record of sound. The return to popularity of the drawing-room,

and the withdrawal of the western bar-room from the contemporary scene, is only an admission that an illusion of reality can be more readily given of the comparative quiet of the former interior; whereas the racket of the latter places a considerable strain on credulity where the most realistic sound possible is that made when a cork is drawn from a bottle. The naivete with which the producers introduce their toy-like imitation of sounds just to show what artificialities they can pull off is rather amusing. In the second place, unless a real illusion of the auditory phenomena of life can be produced in toto, the compromise is admitted, and one sort of truth is forsaken for the pseudo-realistic crudities of the present sound picture.

However, if the motion-picture is ever to reach its final fruition in the way which I have indicated, sound will have to be admitted. The present compromise, I believe, undesirable; although there are a great number of intelligent people who will say that they will be satisfied if the movies only continue to provide superficial amusement. As I see it, the perfected reproduction of sound should be the final step, the final touch, rather, to a series of developments which would have added immeasurably to the scope and power of the motion-picture. When the realm of visual imagery has been completely encompassed, and when, through this great ability, both the most penetrating realism and the most illuminating fan-

cy have been added to the camera's story-telling capacity, sound could be added—judiciously. To be used wholesale, to be used honestly, would require the time and pains of great writing. Short-cuts seem indispensable. In America one line of development is dropped for another. Even now improvement can be observed. The re-adjustment which will naturally follow a period of satiety should add much to the development of better pictures. It is impossible to expect anything to develop in an orderly, sane, and foreseeing manner; least of all, the movies, where so many changes are directed from without, and do not arise from within. The remarkable number of names which appear on the screen in connection with the making of any picture leaves one quite aghast with wonder at how they managed to do it. Perhaps it would be better to be satisfied with what one gets and only to pray that nothing worse happens. Yet it seems that more leisure and forethought, and the presence of a single constancy of vision will be necessary to achieve even now a really great picture, the need for which would probably be angrily debated. If practical difficulties make that impossible now, perhaps practical difficulties in pleasing the taste of the next generation will bring it about. But it is certainly not easy to guess what the next generation will want if their tastes are conditioned by the present as ours have been by the past.

## COLLEGIATE APATHY AND CONSERVATISM

By MAURICE BOGART

**T**HERE is definitely, as most political and social observers have remarked, a conservative tendency that has been growing since the war—the result, perhaps, of that world entanglement and the Russian Revolution.

The religious angle may be pre-emptorially dismissed by suggesting reference to the sort of thing that H. L. Mencken publishes in the "American" section of his *American Mercury*.

In discussion of political conservatism rampant in this country today, it is evident that ever since Wilson left office there has been a series of safe presidents, guaranteed (by their party) not to have any advanced ideas on any subject—one party promise which they have kept. There are a great many indications of this fear of advance, including the absurd mania against anything labelled red, but perhaps the most amusing and pathetic element is the censorship factor in the new tariff bill.

One of our more enlightened representatives in the Senate, Smoot by name and a Republican and Mormon from Utah, led the recent fight for the censorship amendment restoring the Customs privilege of censoring salacious literature. He secured a large number of books from the Customs Service, and then during a session of the Senate had these books placed upon one of the desks. Quoting from a newspaper report, 'Immediately, Senators from both sides of the aisle gathered about it. Something less than a dozen books were left when the cluster of Senators dispersed.'

"Senator Borah, of Idaho, propped his feet up on his desk and read until he realized that he was the cause of considerable tittering in the galleries. He took his feet down and continued to read. A

few minutes later he left the chamber with the book under his arm to re-appear some three hours afterward."

After a spirited discussion of a night and a day upon "seditious" and "obscene" literature, a modified censorship was imposed upon imported reading matter.

During the polemical fireworks Senator Wheeler and Senator Blease had a little debate of their own on the floor, and Wheeler (Montana) pointed out to Blease (South Carolina) that, according to the statement of one of the educators of the University of South Carolina, it was the sentiment of the majority of the faculty that censorship as proposed by Smoot was "un-American" and dangerous.

"I never heard of him," Blease replied, "but I promise that if he is a professor at the university and made any such public statement, he won't be there more than thirty days."

"You'll put him out?" inquired Wheeler.

"I sure will!" exclaimed Blease. "I won't have him drawing South Carolina money."

And such men help make our laws. Dismissing such absurd matters for the present, though, I think it evident that this is an unhealthy indication in our country. More unfortunate still, when we turn to American colleges we find, in great part, the same spirit existing. Students in general seem to divide into two classes—those who are apathetic and those who are afraid of original ideas. This is not as it should be.

The university as a center of intellectual life should show a turbulence, a stir, an interest in ideas, and should be a veritable hot-bed of controversial discussions. Medieval universities, for example, were really such centers of thought. "When

Oxford draws the knife," ran the old rhyme, "England's soon at strife."

All through the nineteenth century the universities of Europe—in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Russia—were greatly responsible for the movement toward liberalism and democracy which today we take so much for granted, and yet which were won only by a determined fight against conservatism. In European countries today, Spain for example, attempts made to destroy freedom of speech in the press are resisted by students.

While the American universities at present, as I have just intimated, appear to have a conservative temper there are a few of our more progressive institutions in which are appearing hopeful signs of an awakening. Liberal clubs at Harvard, Yale, and the University of Pittsburgh have, for example, taken an active part in campus intellectual life and in furthering discussion on issues of the day.

An interesting manifestation of this spirit is the recent agitation of such schools as Harvard and Yale for the modification or repeal of the eighteenth amendment.

Yale University received recently much front-page publicity by making public the results of the prohibition poll that was held among the students. About seventy percent of the men voted wet, a few favored retention of the amendment with modifications, and fewer favored its maintenance as it now exists.

The action of the Harvard Crimson in conjunction with the Harvard Debating Council, in launching a program limited not merely to its own campus, is especially commendable. It is an attempt to crystallize undergraduate opinion behind a particular plan of prohibition reform or, at any rate, to determine prohibition sentiment at American colleges. All this is as it should be.

And if the students of today who are

to be the citizens and voters of tomorrow, favor repeal then it will be evident that the college men are not hypocritical with regard to this amendment. Either they will continue wet, or if a series of polls determine that the majority favor the dry platform, at the present time, at least, again it will be evident that the greater percentage either are apathetic or intend to continue in an hypocritical vein; for many, too many for the comfort of the drys, are wet. It would be interesting to dwell upon the possible results of a prohibition poll at an engineering college such as Lehigh.

That a group of liberal students interested in advanced ideas—a club interested in advanced sociological, philosophical, political, and religious thought—cannot exist here offers, indeed, a sad outlook. True, we have our debating club, but who supports it? We have any number of honorary societies, but they seem to be no more than stagnated sources of intellectual possibilities. How often, may it be asked, are they "Another country heard from?"

In the face of such dismal apathy shown by the majority of students at Lehigh to questions of experimental science, philosophy, politics, the critical investigation of religious truth, it would be almost folly to propose the establishment of a club—a liberal club—composed of those students, and even members of the faculty, who might be interested in such questions.

It is appalling that at an institution where thought and ideas, in many and various fields, should be stirring the students to take sides, such a chronic paucity of interest in these matters should exist. And when students are conservative, as the students at Lehigh are conservative, it is indeed a bad sign and is significant, perhaps, of an intellectual sterility. If the college students are not

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## A PIECE-WAYS UP

By H. A. SEWARD

THE water of the Little Kanawha was coffee-colored, muddy, oily. It wasn't always that way. Sometimes it didn't look exactly coffee-colored, sometimes it didn't look oily, but it always looked muddy. The color of the mud varied with the conditions in the river. There were times when the little river was deeper in its brown color than at other times. Most of the time, however, the coffee-brown had a reddish tint. Mixing its oiliness with this peculiar shade of brown the river always reminded one of a gigantic order of restaurant coffee. That was the appearance of this river on a certain particularly hot summer afternoon.

To anyone unfamiliar with the locality the Little Kanawha offered anything but a pleasant-looking bathing site. However, to those native West Virginians the laughing, lolling, lazy, little stream was everything to be desired in the water sports of an inland and mountain-dwelling people. The Little Kanawha had soothed many a laborer's hot and profusely perspiring body. This same stream that looked so uninviting, so muddy, so unfit for any human type of bathing was the very one in which all the farmer lads from miles around came regularly during the summer for their cooling swims. It was the self-same river in which all the sons and daughters of the locality received their first lessons in the art of keeping their bodies afloat. Yes, the muddy-looking little river was the scene of countless swimming parties — many a church picnic had been held under the shady old trees far up on the banks near the lock.

The country surrounding Leechtown Lock had remained for years and years in a state of almost primeval prettiness. The occasional summer picnics were all

that disturbed the peace and quiet of this particular part of Kanawha country. On any ordinary summer afternoon one could stand on the natural-dock which served for the Leechtown landing of old Jerry Dillon's ramshackle, hand-driven ferry and watch the small spillway of the little river lock. There the river spilled over her reddish-brown liquid in a defiant sort of way as much as to gurgle, "There, I have plenty of water, why lock me up so tightly?" And on this drowsy summer afternoon that is just how the situation appeared — the Little Kanawha had lots of water, it was swollen just enough to be perfect in all its riverly glory.

Jerry Dillon's ferry was coming across the river very slowly. The pulls Jerry was giving on the cable were anything but ambitious. He was walking listlessly up to the front end of the crude, dilapidated, flat-boat to get another "bit" on the rusty cable. When he had the "bit" he would lazily walk back to the rear of the boat, pulling very slowly, as is the customary way of propelling hand-driven ferries. The boat finally slid into the muddy levee. An automobile and a farmer's team comprised the entire cargo. The two vehicles moved down the home-made runway and began ascending the steep grade up the river bank to the highway. Old Jerry took out his corn-cob pipe, lit up, and then settled himself peacefully on his soap box. He sat there, basking in the hot summer sunlight, a perfect picture of magnificent laziness. Old Jerry, the patriarch of Leechtown — there he sat in his begrimed overalls, in his old gray sweater, in his old felt hat under which could be seen his weather-beaten and unshaven face with its jaw thrust out in a vise-like grip on his battered pipe. As the ferryman sat there in the still,

hot afternoon he was interrupted in his dreamy peacefulness by a rude shove that nearly sent him off his homely seat. Jerry looked around slowly to see who his disturber might be. He beheld a laughing girl. She was a creature whom painters would spend their lives to find; she was the perfect model of the captivating, hill-billy lass. Standing only about five feet and three inches in height, she was making no pretense at being any taller, for she was wearing a pair of crude, flat-heeled sandals. She had no stockings on her rugged and prettily-shaped legs. A plain, light-weight dress appeared to be the only garment gracing that sturdy but girlish figure. Her flowing curls of golden beauty hung tantalizingly down over her snow-white shoulders, bared slightly by the unstyled cut of her dress. Her smiling, china-blue eyes flashed a look of devilment at Jerry, and her dimpled cheeks helped to form the words which melodiously came along the pathway from her throat to the rows of even, white teeth set off by very red and richly-formed lips of a healthy and happy lustre. Her voice was saying:

"Bumped you hard that time, old lazy-bones. You didn't even hear me a-comin', did you?"

"Bless me, young un ef I did a-hear y' a-comin'. Yew allus does a-slip 'round here so soft folks don't never know when y' are headin' their way. Wall, yew purty little cuss, wotcher a-doin' down here to the landin', anyhow?"

"Well, Daddy, I came down to ask a spaceshull favor of you; and I do hope you're gonna grant it t' me."

"Can't till I hears it can I, girl?"

"No, Daddy; but I'm almost afeared to ask you."

"Wall, ef it's tol'able—and honest, yew know I'll grant it."

"Oh, it's honest, all right. But I don't know whether you'll reckon it tol'able. I do—I think it's awful nice."

"Wall, what is it, Sis? Let yer ole buck hear it."

"You see, Daddy, I'll have to explain a lot 'fore I can ask you what I want. You know about those boys from the city who are a-camping a piece-ways up the river on Mister Lane's land—well, they've been a-coming down to Aunt Em for their butter and eggs and stuff, and I always have been a-going out to fetch in the stuff for 'em. Well, one of the boys is just the nicest boy I ever met. Honest, Daddy, he ain't at all like you say city fellows are. He treats Aunt Em and me so nice. The other day I walked up to the camp with him—I was helpin' him carry the stuff 'cause he was alone—and I saw all their camp. Gee, they have a nice place, Daddy. Well, anyway, we got to talkin' about things and he asked me if I wouldn't go to Parkersburg with him to the pictures. That's what I wanted to ask you, Daddy, can I go?"

"To the pitchers—to Parkersburg! Why, yew never been to one o' them there pitcher shows in yer whole lifel!"

"I know, Daddy, that's why I want to go. Please let me, Daddy."

"Did yew ask Aunt Em about it?"

"She says it's all right, but she wanted me to ask you."

"Wall, ef Em says it's all right, I reckon it must be. What day was yew countin' on a-going?"

"Tonight, Daddy."

"Tonight! Oh Molly, my little girl, yew mustn't go at night. Why, it's fourteen mile to the city. When you'd get back, Lord only knows."

"Oh, we'd go in Paul's automobile. We could leave about six, we could be back by ten—Paul says so."

"That's mighty late for my girl to be out on the highway."

"Daddy, it's all right once in a long while. Besides, I'm sixteen now."

"Molly, yer ole Dad must think about this a little 'fore he can tell. Yew run

home. I'll tie up the boat—don't guess there'll be any more a-wanting across the river today. When I come up fer supper I'll talk to Aunt Em about this."

"All right, Daddy. See you at supper."

Molly scampered up the steep bank, the muscles of her sturdy little legs bulging slightly under the pressure of her quick and powerful little strides. She was certainly a daughter of the hills. The pretty, blonde head disappeared over the top of the bank. She was running home as fast as her healthy body could go.

It was five-thirty in Jerry Dillon's house. The family, which was composed of old Jerry, Aunt Em, Molly, a shepherd dog, and a black house-cat, was in the dining-room. The old ferryman-farmer had the floor, and was being given the utmost of attention by all present. Even Gyp and Tabby were straining their necks to give their master the respect due him while he was considering an issue of gravity to the simple little family. Jerry slowly raised his hands in a gesture of surrender and said:

"Wall, all right, Em. I guess mebbe I am an old fool, and away behind the times, at that. I reckon you know best." Then facing Molly, "I expect it's all right ef yer Aunt Em says it—so go ahead, my purty little cuss, but —— wall, go ahead along."

Molly's blue eyes danced, and her little lips broke into a grateful smile. She threw her arms around the honest, old hill-billy and kissed his tanned forehead half a dozen times in rapid succession. While hugging her kind Daddy, she murmured in her fondest manner:

"Good old lazy-bones, you wouldn't let your little Molly want for anything without letting her have it, would you?" Then: "I must be hurrying into that dress Aunt Em made me last birthday. Paul's a-coming soon to see if I can go."

Molly ran up the stairs fast and noisily. Aunt Em retired to her kitchen to do her

dishes, the household pets slunk off to their corners to snooze, and the tired old ferryman ambled out on the back porch. He turned his gaze towards the blood-orange glow of the setting sun. He breathed a long-drawn sigh and said half aloud: "I hope it's all right."

The country around Leechtown had only recently been discovered by any city people as a place very suitable as an inexpensive summer playground. People living in Parkersburg, Marietta, Belpre, and surrounding neighborhoods gradually began to come to the Leechtown vicinity for their evening drives and Sunday swims. Quite a few of the more enterprising families built bungalows or cottages on the banks of the Little Kanawha. The value of land along the river banks slowly rose in step with the increasing desire of the city folk to build near the pleasant little river. Before the coming of the dwellers from the city, the population of Leechtown had been about forty; three years after the first summer home was built the settlement boasted a summer population of about three hundred. Besides those who came to the locality to stay all summer, there were some hundred or more campers who stayed only week-ends, or short vacations. Such was the situation in this section of the Kanawha country when Paul Lungren and his party of campers came to Leechtown to spend three weeks of lazy life.

There were five in the party—all college students. They came from wealthy families, and had chosen this type of recreation to kill a few weeks' time. Paul was the recognized leader of the group. He was a good-looking, well-built lad of twenty-two, a senior honor man at school. Everything he wanted came to him very easily. It was not customary for him to

try anything and fail—he always gained his objectives. He had always been an upright fellow—the kind that deserved to get what he wanted. All those who knew him respected and loved him. His father and his father's friends admitted that Paul was indeed an ideal youth. He met Molly Dillon on various occasions when down at the Dillon farm-house for food supplies. He was attracted to the coy little hill-billy maiden, and made no bones about telling her so. The taking of her to the city to see her first movie show was the kind of thing anyone would expect of Paul. His continued infatuation was what no one would expect, however. The couple went out together three or four nights a week for the rest of Paul's stay at Leechtown. After his party broke camp, Paul continued to run up to the embryo summer resort to see the charming little country blonde. He took her all over—to Huntington, Marietta, Charleston, Clarksburg, Wheeling, Pittsburg, and really educated her to the mysteries of the populated parts of the section. Old Jerry looked on with a skeptical, but not altogether unapproving eye. He was guided by Aunt Em's suggestions that everything was all right.

Everything was all right — until one night, or I should say one morning, Molly came home feeling a little sick at the stomach and light in the head. It just happened that Jerry was getting up early every day that week to put in some extra time on a new ferry that he was building. He met his daughter at a quarter past four. Naturally there was quite a commotion in the Dillon household. Aunt Em, however, handled her brother, and, incidentally, the whole situation. She reinstated Molly in the eyes of Jerry, pacified the outbursts of the ferryman's hill-billy philosophy, and restored Paul to the good graces of the Leechtown populace; but, there was one thing she could not do—she could not stop Jerry from doubting in his own mind the goodness of

"these city fellers". The Patriarch of Leechtown would shuffle around in his lazy way, mumbling to himself that Em might be right, but that the Kanawha country was much better off before these people from town began to come around. Why couldn't the civilized part of the world leave the hill folk to themselves? No trouble ever came to any of the people around the lock before these damned automobiles full of hooting young devils came up to kill time. No hill-billy lass had ever drunk liquor the way those city girls poured it down. And now here was his own Molly coming home at four with "a snoot full". Damn all these people! He'd make 'em pay. They wanted land to build their summer homes on, eh? Well, he had quite a chunk of the very land. If they wanted it, he'd make 'em pay damned dearly for it. The code of the hill folk was stern, and if there had to be any settling to do with these foreigners, he'd settle just as his forefathers had settled. But, after all, Paul was a nice boy. Em said so. That was almost enough. Perhaps everything was to be all right. Yes, surely it would. Was that Em calling? Yes, it was.

"I'm right chere, Em."

"Jerry, I want you to go fix the well. There's something wrong with the drum."

"I'll take a look at 'er after awhile. Say, Em, where's Molly? I ain't seen her since this morning."

"She's gone to town with Paul. They'll be back about six."

"She's out with that boy too much, Em. There's no use o' talkin' to her about it, though. I reckon we'll just have to tell him to git."

"Jerry Dillon, you'll do no sech thing. Paul comes of a good, rich family. You have no right to spoil Molly's chances of meetin' all those nice folks."

"Seems like yew knowed heaps more about this feller than I do. And when it comes to rights, I reckon I got more right

than anybody else of a-telling my daughter what's good fer her. Besides, what do yew mean by nice people? Ain't us folk around chere good enough fer Molly? You 'n me 'n all the rest of the folks around these parts never had to bother with them there city people afore, did we?"

"Times is changin', Jerry. Folks is a-coming up here now. Land is getting to be valuable. I'm thinkin' of all of us. You'll want to sell your land to these city people, and it won't hurt to know some of 'em."

"Bother the land! I'm thinkin' of my Molly."

"Don't you think I'm thinking of her, too, Jerry Dillon? She's sixteen now, and it's high time she was a-meeting some nice young people. If she stayed around here all the time, she'd never meet no one but a lazy-bones like yourself."

"Now, Em, I ain't aimin' to have yew git sore at me. Yew been a regular mother to Molly ever since Susie died, but there's other things to think about."

"Well, you just never mind. Molly's getting along all right."

"Waaall, mebbe. All's I'm a-hoping that nothing wrong happens. Take little Alice Aultman a couple o' years ago—she started to chasin' around with one o' them there town fellers, and what happened? She gets a baby and never sees the man caused it to this day. Take Sarah Wren, she gets a baby by a feller from Pittsburgh — what happens there? Her Dad goes after the feller and kills him, and our whole settlement gets into a whole lot o' trouble. Those State troopers come around chere messin' up everything, looking all around, askin' us all them questions—we don't deserve all that trouble."

"If you're a-making such a thorough study of it, how come you don't mention all the cases. You forgot one girl, didn't you?"

"Yaas, I 'member Sally Free and her shot-gun weddin'. Wall, I don't want to hafta use no shot-gun to git my daughter spliced. And I don't want no other trouble, either."

"Oh, Jerry, you're the limit. If you'd use half as much push in working as you do in worrying whether Paul Lungren is gonna harm our Molly, you'd be all right."

"Aw right, auww right. I'm a-goin' out now to fix the well. Anything to make yew stop a-talkin' agin me—but—I'm still a-wonderin' about Molly."

Jerry shuffled lazily out the back door. He walked oer to the well, his long and lean legs reminding one of the connecting-rods of a very slowly-moving engine. He began to survey the drum of the well. He gave the windlass a slow turn. While thus engaged, he was startled by a jolting shove from behind. Jerry turned in his usual way to behold the usual sight—Molly in all her prettiness.

"Got you again, lazy-bones."

"Where'd yew come from, Molly?"

"Just came from a ride with Paul. He let me off on the pike, and I ran in from there."

"Yew like Paul, don't yew, young un?"

"He's awful nice, Daddy. And he likes me, too."

"Jest 'member, Molly, ef anything would happen to yew, yer old buck would be all broke up."

"Why, Daddy, what do you mean?"

"Ask Aunt Em. It takes me too long to tell yew."

Jerry turned back to the well, and Molly laughed and then ran into the house. She re-appeared in the doorway in a few minutes.

"Daddy, I got some good news. Paul is a-coming back to camp here again in the fall. He's gonna come towards the

end of September and stay a couple of weeks. Isn't that good?"

Jerry grunted and busied himself with the drum.

It was late November. The trees in the Kanawha country were beautiful in their foliage of green, gold, red, and brown. The air had that certain fall snap to it, that peculiar quality that makes nostrils feel cool and clear. The river looked very lonesome and very, very muddy. It was shallow and unimposing, not at all inspiring—this was the fall Kanawha, not the pretty little river of summer glory. The ferry ran seldom now, all the bathers had long since quit, and the river presented an inactive picture from all angles. Jerry Dillon seemed to be the only active bit of nature about the spot, and he wasn't very active—he was striding up the bank towards home. His face was drawn, his lips slightly curled. When he had reached home, and had just started to climb the steps of the front porch, a loud wailing broke the still spell of the quiet November afternoon. As he put his foot on the threshold and opened the door, Molly came running to him. Her pretty face was bathed in tears, her hair was flying about her like the hair of a mad woman during a fit. She threw her arms about her father's neck and screamed in his ear:

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, is it true—what Aunt Em says. Am I—am I—Daddy, is it true?"

"I reckon it be, Molly—my girl."

Molly turned from her father and ran upstairs crying like one in hysteria. Jerry's gaze followed her, and he said pitifully: "My poor, poor, little critter."

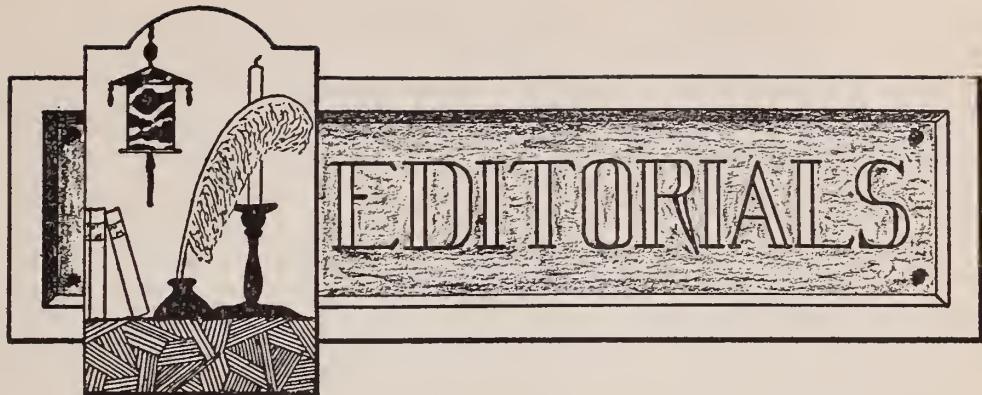
Two days later, Jerry was going along the highway in a more determined gait than anyone had ever seen him before. It was no wonder that old Nat Gould, the keeper of Leechtown's only store and erstwhile real estate and post office, came running out to see what was up. He had lived in the Kanawha country all his life, and had probably seen that self-same look on men's faces before that he now saw on Jerry's. He asked in his squeaky voice:

"Howdy, Jerry. What's a-eating yew? Where yew a-going?"

"I'm a-goin' a piece-ways up the river a-hunting."

"A-hunting! G'on with yer kidding. Where's yer stuff?"

"All the stuff I need I have, Nat. Us hill folk allus did git what we went after, yew know that. I'm a-hunting a skunk—and I'm gonna git him."



Inasmuch as this is the last issue of the Review to be published under our guidance, it would probably be fit and proper to devote this page to a study of the paper's checkered past and an examination into its future. We might speak again of the things we wanted to do—and of the things we left undone; of the innovations our successors might make, and of the improvements we hope they will be able to carry out. But all of this has been done so many times since the Review came into being that it grows tiresome. We present policies, plan brilliant futures, and indulge in editorial aspiration continually and fervidly; yet when the time comes for an actual realization of our hopes and plans in the form of printed copy — our policies fall down rather badly, and we are forced to acknowledge, even to ourselves, that plans are futile, and a definite and restrictive policy impossible.

We can give, after all, only what we ourselves receive; and our capacity is not to devise or create, but to act as intermediary between the readers and those who can devise and create. It would be rash to say that we have in every case acted wisely, or have always given the readers exactly what they want; but failure of that sort is inevitable where selection is limited and choice impossible.

The Review grows, and follows its own whims and tendencies rather than those of its editors. It shapes itself much without our aid or fashioning, and maintains for itself the criteria of self-expression and interest in Lehigh thought and Lehigh affairs. The Review grows, and we have faith in it. It is with confidence and faith in the possibilities of the publication that we turn it over to our successors; and we hope that under their guidance and tutelage it shall come, at last, into its rightful heritage—an organ for the expression of Lehigh thought, Lehigh ideals, Lehigh creations.

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About this time each year unnumbered high- and prep-school seniors begin to wonder, seriously, whether or not they should go to college in the fall—and as many college seniors begin to wonder, just as seriously, whether or not they should have come to college in the first place. To the average novice, a college education appears to be a most desirable possession; to the average college senior, it is an empty gain and a useless gift. It is like a child's toy that loses its attractiveness for him the moment it becomes his to own and keep, or like a woman's gown that loses all its novelty when it is worn but once.

A college degree depreciates in our own estimation simply because we have it; the things we do not have are always more desirable than our own possessions. It is by this token that the severest critics of college training are those who have themselves been trained in college. They see its deficiencies because they have paid to see them; they know of the scratches on the toy because they bought it that they might be able to look more carefully for them. To a man who does not have a college degree, it is a priceless thing; to one who has, it is worthless. The one, standing before the shop window, sees the attractiveness of the toy and values it highly; the other, owning it, sees only its defects and condemns it accordingly.

We are too prone to evaluate college education in the light of its weaknesses rather than of its strength and possibilities, and what is more deplorable, we are too ready to assign a cash value to a possession that really cannot be reckoned in monetary terms. We think of a college education — by which we usually mean four years or so at college—as an investment which should produce heavy dividends. It becomes a dollar-mark proposition entirely, and in our earnestness to clip investment coupons off our sheepskins we forget that there are other values perhaps even greater: inward growth, and the sort of development that cannot be measured with slide-rules or carried into specific decimals.

It is perhaps because we cannot find material equivalents for such growth that we evade all consideration of it. It is an elusive thing anyway—only a vague consciousness of being now something that we were not before; of having gained something which we once lacked, and could not possess even now if we had not come to college. It is not mere factual knowledge, for that after all is an extraneous objective which can no doubt be attained outside the confines of collegiate institutions; nor is it the sort of knowledge that can be measured in terms of earning capacity, or the intelligence that can be rated by means of tests devised for that purpose.

It is best defined as a growth into ourselves—the shattering of the golden illusions of our youth, and the realization of our own aptitudes, our own capabilities, and the possibilities which the world affords for further growth and progress. Whether our valuation of such things be positive or negative; whether we hope or despair both for ourselves and for the world generally, the fact that we have come to some conclusions about it all is in itself indicative of maturity.

The fact that a five-thousand-dollar investment in a college education may not net a great increase in actual earning capacity in no way indicates that the investment was ill-made, for even the greatest pessimist will admit that some of the thoughts and ideals and memories he takes with him when he leaves college are priceless.



## “FO’C’STLE HEAD”

By PAUL L. WEAVER

I HAVE the first lookout of the twelve to four watch tonight. Jose', the little "spic" of the other watch has just wakened me by tickling the big toe of my uncovered left foot. I try to rouse Erickson, who has the upper bunk, by kicking the springs. He has been to sea before, however, and never hurries. He merely hands down his tobacco can. I load my pipe and wait. "Mexico," the hybrid Porto-Rican (he is one quarter Spaniard, one quarter Carib, and one quarter Nigger, leaving one quarter unknown) stretches his long skinny arms and legs. In the dim light I am reminded of nothing if not an octopus, he is so sinuous, so supple. Moreover, he is still under the effects of Maria Juana, which he smokes every time before he turns in. His motions whn under the effects of the drug are all the more grotesque for the artificial slowness which it instills. By the time my pipe goes out, Erickson is down from his perch and dressed. We go on deck. A quartering breeze is blowing, and the **Ontarian** is rolling easily to a long, slow swell.

For’ard of the number four hatch, Ed and I cross over to the starb’d side of the deck-house and drop down the short ladder into the freeze-room for a drink of cooled water. "Mexico" has gone on to the P. O.’s mess-room for a cup of coffee and a slice of bologna. We join him there, along with little Bill, the "limie" fireman, and the deck engineer, an Australian, who was at Galipoli.

The engine-room bell clangs. Bill leaves us, knotting his sweat-rag around his neck as he goes. We tumble up the ladder to the boat-deck, and Erickson reports "watch on deck, sir" to the mate. I go for’ard over the deckload of timbers, letting myself down on the steel deck at

last by swinging on the loosely-made-up pennants of the for’ard booms.

As I step over the breakwater, the quartermaster at the wheel strikes the bell. Old Tom, the "shellback," the **Ontarian**’s only relic of wind-jammer days walks quickly from the port to the starb’d rail, casts a glance aloft at the mast-heads, and strikes eight bells. Cupping his knoty old hands to his lips, he hails the bridge "lights are burning bright, sir". He cautions me to watch for Manzanillo light, and goes aft.

The moon is not yet risen, but the sea glows with its own light. I look over the bow where four porpoise are playing, now on the port, now on the starb’d of the rising and falling stem. Their black bodies are arrows lined in green fire. The bow wash sighs, and glows, and sparkles.

On the western horizon I see a light, broad on the starb’d bow. I watch it, but it never comes nearer. Instead, it rises. A star. Two occasions of profusely profane ridicule from Kelly, the second mate, have taught me that stars are to be differentiated from mast-head lights at all times.

One bell goes. I answer. An uneventful half hour. No ship has passed, nor has the "occulting three white," that is Manzanillo light, been seen. My thoughts have been busy. Let me see—it is three-thirty back in New York. All my friends should have been asleep for hours, except possibly Nick. He, the poor fool, would be a reporter! Probably at this very moment, he and Ryan are swapping yarns in the **Eagle** office. At school there was a smoker tonight. We play Rutgers tomorrow. The old crowd will be there in the stands. There will be pretty girls in the stands, too,—pretty girls such as I saw in 'Frisco and Seattle. What would-

n't I give for a "date" tonight? I wonder—will there be a letter for me in Panama? Probably she will have forgotten to write. It is very different whether a girl writes to a college senior, or an ordinary seaman.

Two bells! A half hour more and I will be on the boat-deck with Erickson, smoking contentedly in the lee of the engine-room skylight. Even now I feel the smooth round bowl of my pipe in the pocket of my dungarees. How good a friend a pipe can be! I dropped it on the pavement along the Embarcadero, and broke the stem off short. My fingers run over the friction tape that now holds it together. I have smoked more on this trip than in all my life before.

I see a light. This time it is no star.

I stroke the bell once, and report solemnly "ship's lights, sir, three points off the starb'd bow." They have probably seen those lights from the height of the bridge for at least ten minutes, but the law reads that a lookout must be posted! This is no freighter. Nor is she a tanker, wallowing to the plimsoll with oil. The lights approach too fast. I see her green. Her upperworks are ablaze. Her bow turns a wash that indicates at least twenty knots. We are meeting the **Flying Fish** on her delivery run, bound for 'Frisco.

Like a great destroyer, with her raked bow, masts and funnels, and her cruiser stern, she slips by into the night. It is only one o'clock and her passengers are astir. Faintly there comes the sound of music. In my mind there is a poem of Kipling's about "the Liner, she's a Lady."

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## Lesson

Thoughtful, we watch the moon project its curve  
From point to point along its graphic course  
Through space and time; we watch it swerve,  
And, with an impetus of cosmic force,  
Rise slowly to describe the low, wide arch  
Of its parabola upon the face  
Of star-surrounded night; we see it march  
Grandly its calculated route through space—  
And I, that once knew some astronomy  
And studied mathematics, would essay  
To teach you all of heaven's mystery,  
Until you turn to me and softly say,  
"The moon will go, and so with it the night—  
Can you not see that it is full, and bright?"

## LOOKING BACKWARD

By GEORGE W. THOMAS

**W**HAT have I got out of college? I have spent four years at this institution of higher learning and I have accumulated only a debt of \$5,000 and a library consisting of several shelves of books. College has made an impression upon me; it has given me a taste for better things and a different outlook upon life. My education has been very liberal —far more so than my allowance has warranted. My several debts are proof of the fact.

My accomplishments are many. For instance, I can argue strongly and at length upon the theory of evolution and why science has disproved the Bible. All college men, you know, must be confirmed atheists or at least agnostics. It is being done by all those who wish to wallow in the true collegiate style. Of course all college men are not really atheists among themselves; but before their friends at home, they must put up a bold front. Atheism is a mark of education — don't you know?

Another thing I have learned at college is to have no respect whatsoever for the teachings of my professors. Every class I have attended has cost me \$2.31. Most of them, in my estimation, were not worth \$.31. I have listened to the lectures of professors who were witty, professors who were smart, professors who were brilliant, and professors who should never have been professors. There is not a course in college that I could not have passed without the assistance of the learned teachers. What education I have acquired came out of text books and not out of the classroom. I have wasted three classes a day for 180 days each year, for four years. I have studied sciences ranging from physics to astronomy, and I have come to the conclusion that a college edu-

cation is not worth the time and trouble expended. College life is a farce, a make-believe, a gesture.

I have learned other things at college, too. For example: striped ties should never be worn with striped shirts, all bridges were not built solely for the purpose of carrying traffic, and it is only 60 miles from Bethlehem to Philadelphia.

It has taken four years of college life to make me realize that those same four years have been wasted. It has been claimed that college life makes a man better fitted for life; it teaches him how to act, how to meet people, and how to talk. That is true; such is to be expected. Nevertheless, four years' employment at a soda fountain will give him a better idea as to how to act, how to meet people, and how to talk; and the environment will not give him an inferiority complex as many of our theory expounders may suggest. If there is any life that will submerge a man beneath the crush of the damnable complex, it is the collegiate world of today. The boy whose parents are of average means will come to college with the expectation of living in the midst of a great democracy. Why should he expect otherwise? Do not all men go to college to become educated? Aren't all students brothers under the skin? They are in college handbooks and catalogues! On the campus they are not even distant cousins. He with the high-powered car and the \$100 a week allowance is by no means a brother of the student who works nights to pay his living expenses and who walks about the campus in a shabby pair of ancient shoes. They have never been brothers and they never will be.

Before I came to college, I was offered the financial support that was necessary

for my four years of study. Did I accept it? I did not. I listened to the preachings of a cousin who proclaimed that it was a fine and noble thing for a boy to work his way through school. Said I, "I shall pay for my own education. I am ambitious." And so, off I marched to college with great and noble thoughts in my heart and with very little cash to my credit at the home-town bank.

I found it very easy to earn my own way through school. I sold advertising space in a magazine. I worked noons and nights in a restaurant. I performed many odd jobs that came my way. Not only did I earn enough for my room and board, but I even earned a surplus of several dollars each week. It was a great life; I was becoming educated and also earning money on the side. My joy was short-lived, however, for at the end of the second semester I made my exodus with many other unfortunates. I suddenly found myself out of college with an ironical letter from the Dean, bidding me success in any work that I might undertake in the future. Although my sojourn in Bethlehem had been rather brief, I had been able to pass three courses very consistently, namely: English, Military Science, and Chapel.

Failing in my first attempt to become a college man, I was determined to try again. I was still held spellbound by the hogy-pogy of the collegiate world. I looked upon my forced vacation as a mere breathing spell. I must go back to college. Why, everybody who amounts to anything today is a college graduate! And so, in June of the following year, for the second time, I joined the great army of the decoyed. I met college life in a different manner this time. I saw it from a different angle. I accepted financial

support from home and settled down to a three-year life of leisure. I soon discovered that college subjects aren't so hard to pass after all. Studying will get a student through any tough course.

For three years I was a student and a true collegian. For three years I wore super-collegiate clothes, smoked a pipe, and tried to wear that devil-may-care expression that all college men must assume. Books, classes, friends, disappointments, and failures—it is over. And now I look backward and judge it all with the eyes of one who has been part of it, one who has mingled with it as two different persons, one who has viewed it from two different angles. Call me cynical if you wish, but I can truthfully say that going to college is a useless and time-wasting experience. Men of true ambition should never go to college. College is superfluous and unnecessary. As for me, college has made me only a confirmed believer in Whitmanish philosophy.

I have seen college and now I laugh at it. Of course, going to college is quite the thing nowadays. It's smart and commendable; everyone does it. Going to college fits in with the style, the mode, the fancy of the day. It is on a par with popular sports and games. This craving for education is but a passing fad. Some day our colleges may become mere finishing schools, mere social centers—if they do not pass out of existence entirely. This quest for education has come and gone before in history; it will go again, but the colleges will go before it. Our present system of higher education is uneconomical, wasteful, and cannot last. A more efficient system must be found.

King hogy-pogy, King bally-ho, King college will be no more.

## PLATONIC MYSTICISM

By E. C. McCONNELL

In the following few pages I have attempted to show not that Plato was a believer in mysticism, but that he put forth, once and for all, a manner of conduct that is true mysticism itself. I have taken a few evidences from his works which have to do with his teachings on the subject. And it has seemed only right to me that I may make use of a modified form of his dialogue in dealing with the subject.

Alpha—leader of the discussion. Beta—student. Gamma—student.

**A**T our last meeting we had arrived at an acceptable definition of the meaning of mysticism. Before we proceed to take up the discussion of Plato on this subject, will you, Beta, repeat that definition for us?

We were agreed that mysticism is a doctrine or belief that man may attain, through contemplation and love, to an immediate, direct consciousness or intention of God, as the real and absolute principle of all truth, and of all essential and divine truth in him.

That is what we agreed, offered Gamma.

Then the ways in which we may obtain an association with God which will be direct and personal are by right living, love of the good, by seeking after truth and desiring wisdom, which are included in a philosophic life. Let us turn to the Republic of Plato and see what there is in it regarding the things we have mentioned. The right manner of life seems to be best found in the training given to the Guardians of the State, who more than any others are trained to set an example and to whom is given the care of all important matters.

The process begins with gymnastics, said Beta, which presides over the growth and decay of the body, and the next step is music the counterpart of gymnastics.

And now, Gamma, will you enumerate the stages of the course in arts and sciences that should be the education of these men who are to be leaders?

The first of these is arithmetic which is followed by geometry, solids, astronomy, harmonious motions, and finally by dialectic after which those who have acquired the greatest skill will be given minor duties that they may learn the way to govern. At the age of fifty years the survivors reach the position where they are to serve in directing the state.

Then it follows that man may so prepare himself by closely following this roster that he will be able to contemplate in a way that is philosophic, and so have one of the necessary requirements for a mystic training. This is in accord with our definition, and leaves the other part to be dealt with. This remaining part is "love", for we said that we may attain, through contemplation and love, to an immediate and direct communion with God. But let there be no confusion in your minds as to the present use of this word. I do not accuse you of taking it to mean carnal desire or love of any one person for another, but let us look to Plato for a meaning.

Beta here interposed, reading from the Symposium, "The God Love is not only the oldest and most honored of the Gods, but also the most powerful agent in imparting excellence and happiness to human beings both in life and after death."

I would rather take the view toward Love which Plato puts in the speech of Diotima in the Symposium, said Gamma,

for she does not agree with the idea that Love is a God.

The explanation of this conception of Love holds the better definition. Love is the desire of the beautiful and so is not possessed of the thing desired, but only strives to gain it. Now the truly beautiful is divine; Love would then need to be the Beauty itself, and since it is not, therefore it is less than divine, less than a God, and is an angel or daemon. "Love may then be regarded as a golden chain linking the finitie with the infinite."\* Now let us search out the various ways in which this second part of a mystic life benefits man. It follows from the statement that "love" is a connecting-link that it is a messenger traveling from God to man and from man to God, bearing his prayers to the deity and returning with the blessings given to man. To quote Hesiod from the Symposium, "Neither relationship, nor any personal distinction, nor riches can accomplish that dread of shame and love of glory which Love effects."

Beta, also reading from the Symposium, said, Love will cause not only men but women to die for each other, which is closely related to the Christian teaching that: greater love hath no man than this that he will lay down his life for another.

Love such as this, offered Gamma, brings one closer to God than any other. It is applicable to all deeds of heros who give their life that others may not suffer.

One meaning of Love which we should not overlook is to be found in the Phaedrus which states that Love is a condition of the soul. The soul, in its search for the beautiful, is raised to the heavens where it feasts upon pure beauty and is enabled to appreciate beautiful objects on earth. The soul being then in the correct state to know beauty now suppresses its vices and sets free its virtues, and leads a blessed life on earth meanwhile looking

\* Religious Teachers of Greece — Adams, J.

toward after-life where it will be more blessed. To what point in Plato's teaching does this seem to lead?

To his views on immortality, replied Gamma.

In the Timaeus we read that the Creator, after he had fashioned the world, commanded the daemons, "Such part of them as is worthy to share the name of the immortals, the part that is called divine and governs in those who are willing always to follow justice and you—of this I will sow the seeds and then you shall take over the work I have begun." The thought here is that every human soul possesses an element of the divine, proceeding from the Creator himself. The soul was placed in the head of the mortal body from which place it governs and directs the body, and being the ruling factor in our life it is known as Reason—the faculty of man that distinguishes him from the lower animals. As the soul is part of the divine it is immortal, but the body perishes at death since life is only a sojourn; this frees the soul which then returns to heaven, or the home of the Creator. Is it not then right to believe that Plato, by his example and doctrine, lived to be as good as possible, for in the Phaedo he tells us that the effect of the doctrine should be to make us so?

Certainly, I think so, replied Beta, but it seems to me that we should return to the meaning of philosophy and to the parts of the code of living which make up the range of philosophy.

Plato parallels Love with Beauty or the Good and with Wisdom seeing that all are divine. There is a classification of the objects to be loved or sought after beginning with "beauty of body, then beauty of the soul and spiritual things, and finally the divine or Ideal Beauty."\* Philosophy itself is a love of, or a seeking after Wisdom. Also, in the Platonic conception, Good and Wisdom and God are identified as one so that now I think

we have successfully linked under one term the ways of beginning, at least, a mystic life; right living, love of the good, seeking after the truth, and desiring wisdom.

It seems that an important point in seeking God is to be found in the Republic, offered Beta, where God is taken as the measure of all things. By following the teachings of our Creator our conduct would be just and temperate.

Taking up this point of measure, let me read from the Timaeus, "All that is good is beautiful and under the control of measure." And also, "We ought most diligently to cultivate our reason, which can exalt us to kinship with heaven, as being plants of celestial, not terrestrial growth. We must ponder immortal and divine things if we are to attain truth and immortality so far as possible for us, and

have within us a daemon thoroughly adorned with every virtue." One commentator says that, "Plato made imitation of God the end of philosophy, but he gave clarity to the definition by adding "so far as possible". The possibility lies only in wisdom, and that is what accords with virtue; for in God there is that which fashions and governs the world, whereas in the wise man there is an appointing of life and an order of living."§

The Philosophy of Plato is from the beginning a religious aspiration, for from his point of view the basic principles of religion and science are the same, and the seeker of knowledge becomes the seeker of God. Therefore, do you not agree that we may attain to a relationship with God by seeking Wisdom?

We are agreed, replied the two.

§ Religion of Plato—More, P. E.

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## BANQUET SEASON ('30 VS. '31)

By REVERE BEASLEY

**W**E arrived in Bethlehem at about eleven o'clock. There was a great crowd at the station, but that's not unusual. After leaving Bark, I made my way to the house. Kappy was still up.

We talked until nearly one o'clock, then went to bed. Kappy showed me several razor blades that he had hidden in the springs of the bed. I put an extra one in the pocket of my pajama coat. Taped it so it wouldn't cut me. We locked our door and got into bed. Kappy said, "I hope those Frosh don't start any rough house tonight. I'm too tired to fight." I agreed with him. We went to sleep.

Long before dawn we were awakened by the sound of someone taking the door

from its hinges. It took a long time. The hinges stuck. We prepared for the attack. The door fell with a crash. The Frosh rushed into the room. We fought. Someone knocked the clock over. It was two-fifteen. Still we fought. All sleepiness was forgotten. Finally we were bound, then carried upstairs and put on a bed.

Johnny was already there. They had tied him before coming after us. The Frosh took turns at watch. I pulled at my pajama coat. It twisted around. My hands groped for the pocket. There! I touched the razor with my finger-tips. In a few seconds the razor was in my hands. A few more seconds and I was free. Kappy signalled that he too had gotten free. We would wait until Johnny had loosed his bonds, and then attack our jailors.

Our plan failed. The Frosh had discovered that we were freeing ourselves. They tried to tie us up again. We resisted. Kappy jumped out of bed. He fought. Johnny's feet were free. He kicked. Why hadn't Mac come back? No one knew. He hadn't been seen since vacation started. He would have been a help in the battle. He wasn't there. Once more we were securely bound.

During the fight, Gil called me a name. It was a disagreeable name. I didn't like it. I told him so. He apologized.

We went to sleep. In the morning our breakfast was brought to us. All morning we lay thus in bed. No one went to classes. We were tied. The Frosh were on guard. Noon brought lunch.

Shortly after lunch Bark arrived. The Frosh went down to eat their dinner. Bark was left on guard. Johnny freed one hand. I freed one hand, too. Kappy had unloosed all his bonds. We attacked. Bark yelled. He was excited. He looked like a madman. We sang so that his calls would not be heard downstairs. He opened his mouth again. It had the effect of a big megaphone. He yelled. The Frosh heard it. They came rushing up. Bark was at his wits' end. They were five to three. One by one, we were re-tid. Kappy was last.

In his excitement, Jack called us names. The same names Gil had called me. We resented it. Kappy picked up a milk bottle. He rushed at Jack. He wanted to kill him. Bark and Fred held Kappy. Gil took the bottle away. Jack's skull was out of danger. Too bad. How interesting it would have been if Kappy had hit him with the bottle. I should have laughed.

We were taken downstairs bodily. Bark led the way across the street. He had a Ford. It was an old junk with no brakes. We were tied more securely and bundled into the Ford. We went for a ride. It was a long ride. About thirty

miles. We estimated the distance by the amount the Frosh had to pay for the Ford. It was a U-Drive car. That's why it had no brakes. They never have.

The first stop was Allentown. The Frosh were looking for Mac. Where was he? We didn't know. Somewhere they had heard that he was at Mr. D——'s. Was he? In time they located the house. Mac wasn't there. We wasted a lot of time. They wasted a lot of money. We were glad they were wasting money. It made our captivity that much more worthwhile. They gave up the search. Our ride continued.

At last the car was brought to a stop. It could be stopped by throwing it into reverse. We were miles out in the country. Someone mentioned Catasauqua. We were near there. There was an old abandoned barn near by. We were hoisted up into the loft. They took our shoes from us. We were carefully searched. Many more razor-blades were taken from us. We were left in the loft. The straw was soft, but it was most disagreeable. It was dusty. It made us sneeze. We didn't like it. We decided to leave as soon as possible.

Before the sound of the Ford had died away, Johnny was walking over to Kappy. His feet were free. He had a razor-blade in his hand. It had been hidden in the lining of his trousers, under his belt. He gave the razor to Kappy. Kappy cut Johnny's bonds. Johnny freed Kappy. Together they freed me.

We jumped from the loft and started our trip back to Bethlehem. It would be a long trip. We had no money. The Frosh had seen to that. We had no shoes. They had seen to that, too. The road was hard. It was a gravel road. The gravel hurt our feet. Still we walked on.

After walking about a mile and a half, we arrived at a farm-house. In the yard  
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## THE PROPOSED NEW CALENDAR

By WALTON FORSTALL, JR.

**T**HIRTEEN, Friday the thirteenth! That is one objection of a superstitious people to our adoption of the proposed thirteen-month calendar, devised by a Canadian, Moses B. Cotsworth, and strongly advocated by many industrial leaders such as George Eastman.

Custom and habit have the strength and power of law, as evidenced by our Common Law. But though popular attachment to that to which we are accustomed may be compared to the famed "immovable object", its potential conqueror is the "irresistible force" of business exigency. The world would speedily turn to the pajama habiliments advocated by the Men's Dress Reform Party if their wearing would result in greater business profits.

Certainly there is precedent enough for a change in the calendar. With the exception of the Egyptians, who measured their time quite accurately by the shadow of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, the ancients based their calendars upon the lunar month. A great step forward was made in 45 B. C. when Julius Caesar, dissatisfied with the Greek lunar calendar, took a hint from the Egyptians and devised the Julian calendar based upon a

solar year of 365 days and 6 hours.

As originally adopted, the Julian Calendar consisted of twelve months having 31 and 30 days alternately, except February, which had 30 only every fourth year when an extra day was added to its usual 29. In recognition of the work he had done on the new calendar, Julius Caesar had the Roman Senate name the then fifth month for himself. Hence, our present July.

As might be expected from the fact that no ruler is completely satisfied with the work of his predecessor, Augustus Caesar could not keep his hands off Julius's calendar. In the first place, he, too, must have a month named for himself, so Sextilius was changed to Augustus. But Sextilius had only 30 days, so Augustus must needs take a day from February to make his month as great as Julius's. Then, apparently to avoid three 31-day months in succession, he took a day from September and November to give to October and December.

In this form the calendar was used for sixteen centuries. But the calendar year of Julius Caesar was 11 minutes and 14 seconds too long. By the sixteenth century this error had amounted to 11 days.

A plan to amend the calendar so as to eliminate the discrepancy of the Julian system was devised by a physician of Verona, Luigi Lilio Ghiraldi, also called Aloysius Lilius. Nothing came of it, however, until after his death, his brother presented the plan to Pope Gregory XIII.

The Pope assembled a number of prelates and learned men to examine the plan. They found it satisfactory, and in 1577 it was adopted by all the Roman Catholic princes. In 1582 Pope Gregory issued a brief, substituting the Gregorian or "new style" calendar for the Julian or "old style", at the same time dropping ten days, so that the day following October 4, 1582, would be called October 15, 1582.

Spain, Portugal, and the greater part of Italy followed the Pope's orders exactly. France delayed until December, reckoning the day after December 10, 1582, as December 20. Not until 1853 did Roman Catholic Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, adopt the change; Poland waited until 1586; Hungary, the following year; Protestant Germany, Holland, and Denmark, in 1700; Protestant Switzerland, in 1701. England did not adopt the Gregorian calendar until 1752. At the same time the English made January 1, the first day of the legal year, instead of March 25, so that for some years it was customary to give the days in that period the designation of both the old and new years as, February 6, 1752-1753.

The Julian calendar was 3 days, 2 hours, 53 minutes, and 20 seconds too long in 400 years. Luigi Lilio Ghiraldi's plan, put into effect by Pope Gregory, provided that the years divisible by 100 but not 400 be common years instead of leap years, an exception to the Julian leap year every fourth year. Thus the Gregorian calendar, our present system, is still 2 hours, 53 minutes, and 20 seconds too long in 400 years, an error which will

mount to a day in 3323 years. Since the correction was last made in 1582, the present calendar will be a day ahead of the sun in the year 4905. Certainly that is nothing for us to worry about!

So that it is not inaccuracy that is the fault of our present calendar. Its hopeless inexpediency is the cause of current dissatisfaction and demand for its reform. With the working days in a month varying from 20 to 25, business finds it impossible to make accurate month to month comparisons. It is not even possible to compare the same month with itself in other years. From the standpoint of business accuracy and efficiency, the situation is intolerable.

To remedy it, Moses B. Cotsworth has suggested that there be thirteen months of four weeks each, 28 days to each month, giving a year of 364 days. The extra day, called Year Day, or some other appropriate name, would not belong to any month and would be a general holiday, in that respect taking the place of our present January 1st. The other extra day, which would occur only every fourth year, would be another general holiday, which it is proposed to put in the summer.

It has been suggested that the additional month, necessary under the new system, be called Sol and be inserted between June and July. As a matter of fact, the name or the place of insertion is immaterial to the success of the plan, but there will probably be more violent disagreement about those two details than on the adoption of the new calendar itself.

Its advantages are clearly evident. Suppose that, as its proponents would like, the new system of reckoning could be declared in effect with January 1st, 1933, which is a Sunday. Thereafter, the first, eighth, fifteenth, and twenty-second of each month would be a Sunday; the second, ninth, sixteenth, and twenty-third, Monday, and so on. No calendars would

be necessary.

It is true that there would not be the same number of working days in every month because of national and local holidays, but we would hardly want to go so far as to put one in each month of the six national legal holidays and seven other holidays legal in most of the states, making a standard month of twenty-one working days, although such an arrangement would be possible. In any case, with the holidays irregularly distributed, the same month could be compared with itself in other years with perfect accuracy, since no month would change from year to year.

Many people object to the new calendar on the ground that we would no longer observe festivals and memorial days on the correct day. A most foolish objection! For it is not the day itself that we honor, but the man or event symbolized by the day, so that actually, any day which we so designate will accomplish that end as well as any other.

As a matter of fact, very few of our celebrations occur upon the exact date of the original event. It is obvious that Good Friday, Easter, and Christmas do not occur upon the actual anniversaries. Washington's Birthday and Columbus Day are displaced by the Gregorian correction, while Memorial Day, Labor Day, and Thanksgiving Day may be celebrated upon one day as well as another, leaving only Lincoln's Birthday, Independence Day, and Armistice Day as slight losers by the change.

Then there is the complaint by some over-sentimental people who were born later in the year than January 28th, that their birthdays would no longer have the same name. An excellent reason for forbidding the progress of the world! In the same category are those (and they constitute a surprisingly large factor in the opposition) who steadfastly refuse to be exposed to the overwhelming calamity

which must certainly result from the production of thirteen Fridays falling on the thirteenth!

The most united and intense opposition, however, comes from followers of the Hebrew faith. Some have organized a League for Safeguarding the Fixity of the Sabbath, maintaining that the appointment of Saturday as the Sabbath was a divine act which must not be abrogated by man.

If the new calendar were put into effect with January 1, 1933, the Hebrew Sabbath would remain a Saturday only for that year. In 1934, because of the Year Day between years, the Hebrew Sabbath would have become Friday. Again, the extra day would cause it to fall on Thursday in 1935, while the effect of two days coming with the leap year 1936, would move it back to Tuesday for the latter half of that year.

Thus the Hebrews maintain a stout opposition to what they declare is an invasion of their religious privileges. But the more practical-minded new calendar supporters reply that it is only necessary to obey the spirit of the ancient law, "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," so that there would be no reason to consider as wrong the insertion of an extra day to break up once a year the mathematical sequence of sevens. But the Hebrews, noted for their strict construction of their law, will undoubtedly remain adamant.

Meanwhile the business world seems to favor a change. For the result of a recent referendum of the United States Chamber of Commerce among its branch chambers is as follows: For some change in the calendar to bring about a comparability of business records, 1,549; against 1,318; for the proposal that a new form of calendar should be determined through international conference 1,783; against, 1,082; for the United States Govern-

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## CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

Edwin Justus Mayer, the writer of a play of several seasons ago about Benvenuto Cellini, *The Firebrand*, which I did not see, but which I have heard to be good, evidently finds his most suitable material in the past. His present play, *Children of Darkness*, is an enlargement upon some of the events and characters in Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*. This fact alone supplies the hint that the play is literary, a distinction whose usual vague signification is not here inappropriate to distinguish this play from others that first appear these days on Broadway.

Although *Jonathan Wild* does appear as a character in the play, he and several other figures, their woes, short-comings and endings are subordinate in interest to the history of Laetitia, "the gaoler's wench," and Count LaRuse, whose fictitious name is in the best manner of the eighteenth century stage. Laetitia, for three years, has doted upon LaRuse, her lover of high rank reduced to prison by his own weaknesses, one of which is a weakness for gallantry; she has been his mistress; and lastly, she has absorbed from him an education in manners which permits her to follow all his own rhetorical flights, and, more important, to have

taken up the worst of his attitude toward others. So she is full of guile, easy of virtue, profligate of love, winsome, witty, and secure: for she has all the time in the world, as the daughter of a gaoler, to practice her accomplishments in prison. For LaRuse, she is his consolation and his degradation; and the story of the play is the story of his freeing himself from her in order to gain back the idealism of his youthful gallantry, only in the end to realize the futility of even attempting that.

Perhaps it is a little strange that LaRuse, the most polished wit of the play, and certainly the most courtier-like, should become violent over the infidelity of his mistress; which, incidentally, only shows his essential sentimentality. However, with the manners and wit of the eighteenth century stage rake, he has been invested with heart and conscience; he has been removed from a gallery of types to become a credible being in a play that perhaps mirrors more accurately some sides of eighteenth century life than most plays of that period. As for the character of Laetitia, it is enough to say that she is the most interesting person in the play. The keenness and abil-

ity of Mr. Mayer's dramatic invention is best appreciated in her character. The pretentiousness of the conversation, the reproduction of the style of another period which must impose upon the dramatist a burden in grafting vitality to an accurate reconstruction of the past, where the interest is primarily not in that *past* but in character, never alter the credibility of a woman who to some must appear lurid. The revelation of her character lifts this play, despite its several weaknesses, to the rank of a minor masterpiece, as annoying and indefinite as that classification must be.

The literary quality of the play arises from an undoubtedly true desire on the part of the dramatist to reflect accurately the speech and manners of the eighteenth century. And admittedly they were literate in conversation then, at least the people who are portrayed in **Children of Darkness**. However, a curious and obvious condescension to popular taste on the part of Mr. Mayer lets in remarks which bring the eighteenth century up to date. They indulge in definition. An expulsion is a form of graduation indulged in by a collegian of original taste; harlot "is a profane term of endearment" (probably more applicable to the eighteenth century). There are also set speeches and "gags" which are obviously prepared for. Then the lapses from the usual pace of the dialogue with its genuinely brilliant epigrams, sophistries, and all the forms of Restoration rhetoric are apparent and regrettable. People will be sure to say of the play, if nothing else—Oh, the lines: and the self-imposed task of sustaining a brilliant dialogue is no less reflected in the achievement of Mr. Mayer. The kindest thing to say would be that the strain is at times apparent. Dramatically the play has another weakness: the characters reach no compromise with the plot, which barges along of its own accord, awkwardly and artificially. The fact that

the characters themselves, by their interest, obscure the plot is a saving grace.

The play is acted for the most part intelligently, yet three people stand out. Mary Ellis as Laetitia never perhaps had a rôle more suitable to her particular type of beauty; and she is exactly as she should be, always giving the impression of alluring seductiveness and guile. Basil Sydney is excellent for the simple reason that he can deliver the most difficult of speeches with succinctness and clarity to an audience. He also enjoys the flourishes which La Ruse makes, and the note of pathos is always present in his portrayal. In the person of Lord Wainwright, an ogreish Lord who carries his recognition of no other person in the world but himself to a Satanic extremity (a person nevertheless who has his prototypes in the gallery of eighteenth century nobility), Eugene Powers is remarkable and compelling. In no other person in the play are certain aspects of the eighteenth century so well depicted.

BERNARD SHAW—1930

The historical study of literature offers, when the student turns to the reception by succeeding generations of the ideas and ideals which are the stuff of literature, an eternally recurring paradox. He is forever seeing the works of writers whose main pre-occupation when alive was a desire for truth, an admiration for courage, honor, justice and pity being accepted as classics by a society which seldom has any use for these attributes. Moreover, he knows that these odd notions concerning mankind or mankind's hypothetical gods had only to be read by contemporaries of the unfortunate authors to be labeled as dangerous and subversive and to bring down on the rash penmen all the suffering and misfortune that cruelty could take joy in or cunning devise. Yet once these enemies of so-

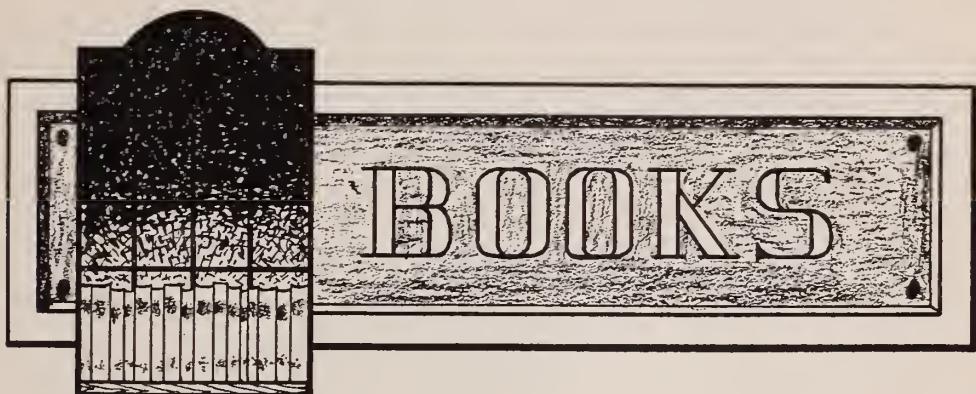
ciety had been starved, beaten, stoned, crucified to death, their works always had a miraculous resurrection, were studied in the schools, and reposed behind handsome bindings in the libraries of the great. Meanwhile, these great, these rulers of the earth, amid universal acclaim, and, like truly practical men, followed quite other guides. And calling dishonesty and falsehood high policy and farsightedness, greed and avarice the prop and stay of civilization, cruelty and bloodshed glory and the will of God, stupidity and folly sublime virtue and goodness, they fell upon the nations of the earth and founded empires, sacked cities, practiced diplomacy, dealt in usury, and in general did what they could to deprive their fellow human beings of their lives and property.

The historian can readily understand a prince's persecution of a wise and magnanimous man since such an action would be of a piece with his other exploits, but the student finds it hard to explain this same prince's enthusiasm for the fruits of wisdom and magnanimity when neither his own actions nor the tastes of either his camp followers or subjects would lead anyone to expect it. The explanation of the troublesome contradiction is not far to seek, however. The character of the man of action provides the answer. Such a man has an inborn distrust of ideas which is almost absolute, but at the same time he stands in superstitious awe of them. His attitude in this mirrors those ages which, having worn out all credence in orderly and fruitful systems of belief through a too close application to the struggle for material gain, fall ready victims to superstition. Just as the good citizens of Los Angeles believe that they can conquer death with the credo of Mrs. Eddy or foster science by patronizing the local astrologer, so the man of action hopes to endow his misdeeds with glory and himself with wisdom by eternally mouthing the words of sages and poets.

Thus, in the light of history, it is not hard to explain what is at present happening to Bernard Shaw. Society having found that this particular prophet has in him enough of the wills of Satan to make martyrdom difficult if not impossible has proceeded to the next step in disposing of him. It has transmuted his annoying effusions into shibboleths; that is, into classics. No one will pay the slightest attention to what he says, but everyone will admire it. His dramatic pleas for social justice are already being praised by those people who are most shocked at any movement toward reform. He now satisfies a need on the part of his audiences to feel clever and liberal-minded without their having to do anything about it. For a classic is not anything a practical man need take seriously and therefore call on the police to suppress. And no doubt stock-brokers go to see a play of Shaw's so as to feel comfortably correct and agreeably *à la mode* and perhaps even with the secret hope that an evening devoted to one of his plays will miraculously turn the market bullish, a trick that Mr. Hoover is rather tardy in performing.

The ideas in Shaw's latest play, *The Apple Cart*, if you should happen to be sufficiently "unclassically"-minded to be curious, are not particularly startling, but they are also not without interest. The plot deals with a late twentieth-century king of England's defense of freedom and justice by the destruction of parliamentary and cabinet government. Being a clever and popular man, he is able to subdue his charlatan of a prime minister by threatening to go into politics himself. It is not much of a plot, but it gives Shaw a chance to expose to telling satire the errors of modern plutocratic government and the horrors of modern plutocratic manners. He contrasts with these the grace, charm, intelligence of a now almost vanished aristocracy and the more

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## EXILE

By WARWICK DEEPING

In this new novel Warwick Deeping continues, in his now traditional manner, a plot with the strength of Russian tea and a style with all the saccharinity of violet bon-bons. The exiles are the over-described English colony in Italy. The heroine is the conventional rosy-cheeked, wholesome British lass, whose arrival in the dusty old Mediterranean town of Tindaro is like a breath of scented spring air to the jaded outcasts of the café colony. She promptly falls in love with Oscar Slade, a decadent novelist, who is fortunately removed by the stiletto of his hot-blooded bona-roba before our heroine's honour suffers. After this misadventure, she becomes hard, efficient and unemotional. Then Thomas Isherwood, tubercular architect and self-confessed failure, comes into her life. Gradually the comradely self-respect they bear one another ripens into true love. Isherwood stages a spectacular comeback for her sake—and together, hand-in-hand, they face the dawn of a new and better day.

## HARRIET HUME

By REBECCA WEST

This is without doubt a very unusual book. Rebecca West is one of the leading members of that distinguished group of ex-patriates that specialize in the modern method. In this latest work, Miss West more than supports the high standards of her group. The plot is to a slight degree subordinated to the construction, a style that is static, crystalline, and most wonderfully wrought.

Harriet Hume is a musician. She gives her love to Arnold Condorex, a young politician who is possessed of an inordinate ambition to further his fortunes. Harriet typifies the world of thought, while Arthur, her essential opposite, is of action alone. Seeing that the clash of their natures would be disastrous, Harriet insists that they part. They meet again three times at the high points of their lives, and once again after their death.

All fantasies have the disadvantage of leaving the reader undecided as to whether he has grasped their true but hidden meanings. Conversely, however, their

very obscurity makes them available to individual application and interpretation. **Harriet Hume** possesses both these attributes; disregarding them, however, it is still a most delightful book.

## CLUES OF THE CARRIBEES

By T. S. STRIBLING

The last few seasons' production of mystery and detective stories has been so enormous that original plots and novel situations are at present at a premium. T. S. Stribling has been lucky enough to unearth a unique and colorful setting for his first volume of this type of fiction. The glamour and the exotique richness of the West Indies are in themselves a great aid towards a story, especially when described by one as competent and as proficient as Mr. Stribling.

**Clues of the Carribees** is made up of a number of short stories, each portraying one of the remarkable adventures of a certain Professor, Pogglioli. This erudite gentleman is a specialist in psychology who finds the Indies a quite proper locale in which to spend his sabbatical year. In spite of his highly unorthodox methods, he succeeds in solving some very peculiar murders and pits himself against the power of Haitian voodooism with some astonishing results. The professor's last and without doubt most astounding adventure occurs in Trinidad where he encounters a strange mixture of Buddhism and Hindu mysticism, and is swept along to an incredible climax—one with the long-sought "new shudder".

## "CANDIDE" - VOLTAIRE

The Literary Guild of America has done an artistic piece of work in trying

to bring back some of that lost radiance of old hand-printed and illustrated books. In **Candide**, the Literary Guild selection of a few months past, the publishers have tried to present to their readers an unexpurgated edition of Voltaire's famous work which can, unlike so many modern books, take its place as a distinctive work of art.

This volume is a re-setting of the limited Random House edition. It is of unique proportions, large and flat with rather plain outstanding blue and silver binding. Perhaps the most important feature of this edition of Voltaire's classic is its illustration. There are over one hundred large wood-cut illustrations admirably done by no less an artist than Rockwell Kent who spent fifteen months in this one stupendous work of book designing.

All of the ironic humor and social philosophy of Voltaire is presented forcibly and in a pleasing narrative style in this edition of **Candide**. All of the trials and adventures of Candide, Cunegonde and Pangloss unavailable in some former expurgated accounts are now presented to the reader in such a way as to put a different light upon the story and make the whole work of Voltaire one of immediate modern interest.

Clearly as the story is told the greatest value of the Literary Guild edition of **Candide** remains in the fact that it is a masterpiece of book design and illustration. Illustrated throughout by Rockwell Kent and planned by Elmer Adler of the Pynson Printers this volume is unique in many respects and stands as one of the best attempts to publish a popular artistic literary work.

# WHAT IS WRONG WITH BETHLEHEM?

By KENNETH K. KOST

EVERY year several hundred students enter Lehigh; every year several hundred students leave. Year by year, Lehigh men come and go, but in the meantime, Bethlehem is their home. They walk its streets, use its public utilities, and come in contact, more or less, with the citizens of the town. The sole result of these contacts seems to be ill-feeling between the students and citizens. There is much to say about the opinions and ideas which each has of the other, but this article will only attempt to show the erroneous ideas and opinions which Lehigh men have of Bethlehem.

What is wrong with Bethlehem? Ask any student that, and he will probably answer, "Everything". Tell him that is only an opinion; demand a specific reply. If he does not call you a damn fool or refer to your ancestors or intelligence in uncomplimentary terms, you will most likely hear one or more of the following criticisms:

1. It is a city without culture.
2. Its citizens are vulgar and of a low class.
3. Girls here are uncultured, unrefined, and without taste.
4. Its citizens are snobs and unsociable.
5. It lacks satisfactory amusements, especially those of a higher order.
6. It is inhabited almost entirely by foreigners.
7. It is dirty.
8. It is without law and order.
9. It is unprogressive.

None will attempt to say that Bethlehem is a perfect city. It has its defects and faults as has every other city in the nation, but Lehigh students attempt to make one believe that Bethlehem is unusual. However, this is not the case, and a close examination will not only prove this, but also will show that the criticisms of the students are both uncalled for and

groundless.

Consider the first criticism, Bethlehem is a city without culture. Ask those who make that criticism, "What is culture?" The usual answer is, "You know what I mean." Press them harder; you will most likely hear this, "It's uh, oo, ah, sure you know." You may finally deduce that a city with culture is one whose citizens are educated, speak good English, have a love of fine arts and music, and are interested in the higher things of life (something equally as indefinite).

Are the citizens of Bethlehem uneducated? The population of Bethlehem is estimated at 67,600 in the World Almanac. Following the percentage rate of the census figures for Bethlehem determined in 1920, at least 22,000 are under the age of 21. The adult population of Bethlehem must be 45,000. There are approximately 200 college and university instructors, 200 school teachers, 70 clergymen, 62 doctors, 30 dentists, and 22 lawyers, in Bethlehem. All these figures, though not absolutely exact, are conservative, and these are all college graduates. In addition, the Alumni Directory for 1928 lists 265 graduates of Lehigh who are living in Bethlehem. If one makes allowances for any duplications in the above lists and considers the great number of college graduates, especially those employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. and the numerous housewives, one can safely assume that there are at least 2,250 college graduates in Bethlehem. This is five per cent. of the adult population. In addition, there are many who have attended college but did not graduate and many others who just attended high school. Few cities could show a higher average.

People in Bethlehem speak a colloquial English; so do people in other cities of

the country. Perfect English is so rare that anyone who uses it, even among Lehigh men, is mimiced behind his back by the many who do not. The English spoken by the residents of Bethlehem cannot be used against them.

Where is there a city in this country, at least a city the size of Bethlehem, in which the citizens have a great love of music and fine arts? There may be a few, but these few are residential cities and not cities with industries and large commercial interests. Bethlehem is known throughout the world for its Bach Choir. Grand opera and symphony orchestras which prosper with difficulty in the largest cities of the United States cannot be expected here. It is safe to say that there is a radio in every fraternity, but how often do the members of these fraternities tune in on an opera program or a symphony concert? Still these students will shout about the lack of culture in Bethlehem. The same situation is found in respect to fine arts. It is only with difficulty that Professor Howland, who, incidentally, was showered with pennies and booed when he gave a lecture on architecture before the present Junior and Senior classes, is building up an appreciation for fine arts at Lehigh.

The higher things of life seem to be as indefinite as the definition of culture. Interest in intellectual and educational pursuits, however, seem to fall under this heading. If this is true, Lehigh men have no right to complain. They are not interested in the higher things of life. The paucity of the audiences at lectures of an intellectual and educational nature bears witness to this fact. A lecturer at Lehigh to draw a crowd must put on a show. The higher things are still too high for the average man.

To class the citizens of any town as vulgar or low class is obviously unfair. Every city in the world has citizens who are vulgar and low class. Incidentally,

democratic America in these prosperous times is not supposed to have any citizens who are of a low class. It appears that the student critics are again a little hasty.

Bethlehem girls are not unrefined, uncultured, or without taste. Again it is necessary to point out that adjectives or characteristics cannot be truthfully applied to several thousand people. Then again, Lehigh men must remember that many Bethlehem girls of their own age are like themselves away at college. Perhaps also the difficulty may lie in the fact that Bethlehem girls are too refined or have too much taste to run around with Lehigh men. The egoism of students never allows this thought to enter their minds. Bethlehem girls are the same as girls everywhere else—just average.

Bethlehem citizens are not snobbish or unsociable. They are willing to meet the students half way. Of course, they have difficulty in being sociable to those who think that they are uncultured and vulgar. Are they supposed to fall on the necks of men who call their daughters and sisters unrefined, who damage property, and who raise hell in general? Snobbishness and unsociability are not characteristics of Bethlehem people.

The one just or reasonable criticism which students may make against Bethlehem is that it lacks satisfactory amusements, especially those of a higher order. The main fault, however, lies not with Bethlehem but with Pennsylvania. It is on Sunday that Lehigh men miss satisfactory amusements. They are away from home, many of them have not established social contacts, other students have departed for the week-end, and they are tired after the week's tussle with their books. Then when they go out looking for amusement, they find the town closed tight by the famous blue laws of the Keystone State, but this is true everywhere else in the State. Students, who come from neighboring states where there are

no "blue laws", cannot be blamed when they bewail the lack of amusement. This criticism is just.

The lack of amusements of a higher order, however, is another question. By higher order is usually meant good musical comedies and plays. Bethlehem cannot be expected to have these. It is only a large city that can support productions of this type, and in many cases, it is visitors in and not residents of these cities which keep these shows going. Many students who come from these larger cities never attended these better productions more than a half dozen times a year; yet, when they come to Lehigh, they speak as though they were being deprived of a weekly pastime. They can easily get to their six performances during the various holiday periods. When it comes to motion pictures, an examination of the amusement pages of the numerous dailies on file in the Brown and White room in Christmas-Saucon Hall will show that the same cinema productions are being shown everywhere at about the same time. There are also numerous athletic events here at Lehigh throughout the school year, and in addition there are the contests at Liberty High School. There is really no complaint about amusements.

Bethlehem is not almost entirely inhabited by foreigners. In 1920, the census revealed that less than twenty per cent. of the adult citizens of Bethlehem were of foreign white stock, i. e., were born in a foreign nation or had one or both parents who were born in a foreign nation. This number has probably decreased by this time due to immigration restrictions. Americans and not foreigners predominate here.

The questions of dirt, law, and order, and unprogressiveness do not concern the students to any great extent. All cities with industrial or commercial interests are dirty. When the police begin to enforce law and order on students, a howl goes

up on the campus. The editorial in the Brown and White of March 14th concerning the Ordinance which was passed in March by the Bethlehem Council governing disorderly conduct, may be taken as an example of how the students feel toward law and order. The progressiveness of Bethlehem is of no concern to Lehigh students. The three criticisms last mentioned, therefore, are uncalled for.

Behind these criticisms of Bethlehem are concealed the real reasons for the students' discontent. Bethlehem was founded in 1741, Lehigh in 1865; yet, some students believe that the city exists for their benefit. Booster talks by members of the faculty and the fine showing of Lehigh undergraduates when in competition with students of other colleges have made Lehigh men feel superior. They get the idea into their heads that they own the town.

Few students ever really become acquainted in Bethlehem. They leave it after a four-year stay almost total strangers. They feel too superior to mingle with the lower class and as in their own home towns they find it difficult to break into their own or higher circles of society. Many Bethlehem girls remain aloof because Lehigh students are nothing new to them. They know that when house parties and proms around that it will be the girl from home who will be the honored guest. Bethlehem girls are not unintelligent, just "wise".

Most students are on "their own" for the first time in their life when they come to Lehigh. They want Bethlehem to be home. It is supposed to be both New York and Hickville. Some who claim that they have traveled extensively declare that they have never before seen a city like Bethlehem. They may be right. Queen Marie traveled several thousand miles in this country and never saw America. One who travels and stays in the best hotels and with friends or relations of his

own station in life sees very little. If they did stop in uncomfortable surroundings, it was but for a short time.

The worst and most despicable critic of Bethlehem is the student who is a "would be". He comes from an unimportant family. His parents may be scratching and scraping to put him through Lehigh. In order to appear as a wealthy student from a family of position, he criticises everything as being common, inferior, or vulgar. He is only kidding himself. He amounts to the same thing that is the matter with Bethlehem, nothing.



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(Continued from Page 14)

left the chateau. They hurried through a short-cut and stopped, out of breath, in front of the house.

"I can't face her now," Perdican gasped. "You must go in first." Camille kissed him and went in. As the door closed behind her, he dropped exhausted, on the door-step. Had Rosette fallen ill on account of him? No, that couldn't be. But, God! If she had, and anything should happen to her, he would be her murderer. The thought made him shudder. Oh, why didn't Camille come out and tell him the worst?

After a wait that seemed hours, the door opened. He jumped to his feet. Camille stepped out of the house. Her eyes were narrowed; her lips were compressed into a thin white line; every bit of color had left her face. She walked directly to him.

"Is she very sick, dear?" he asked feebly. He started to embrace her.

Camille dropped something into his outstretched hand. It was round, and it sparkled as it was struck by the rays of the sun. "Rosette," Camille's voice was like ice, "is dead. And so is my love. Good-bye, Perdican." And before he could speak, she had gone.

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(Continued from Page 22)

interested in voicing protest or favor in a more positive manner than a "hm hm," or a "Haw, I don't agree," and let the matter ride at that, who then, in this country, will?

Surely, there is plenty to protest about, plenty to be praised, and much to be condemned in American social, political and religious thought today.

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(Continued from Page 41)

ment's participation in an international conference to determine a form of calendar change, 1,856; against, 1,009.

A report of another referendum, conducted by George Eastman, chairman of the national committee on simplification, which resulted favorably for a calendar change has been forwarded to the League of Nations, and it is expected that an international conference will be summoned within a year or two to consider a change.

The thirteen-month plan described above is only one of 200 which have been suggested. Perhaps some reader of this article may have a better. If he has, it would be worth the trouble to forward it to Mr. Eastman. It might be accepted. And to have one's name attached to a system which will be used to reckon the days for centuries to come — that would be fame!

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(Continued from Page 38)

a girl was pumping water into a dirty pail. We asked if she had a telephone in the house. She had. We explained our predicament. She laughed. People always laugh at those who are in trouble. She called her Aunt. Her Aunt laughed. We looked at ourselves. We were perfect wrecks. Like scare-crows. We all laughed.

The Aunt was going in to Allentown in her car. We asked for a lift. She was afraid to take us. "I don't know anything about you," she said. "You might hold me up, or take my car away from me." She wasn't joking. She was really afraid. We did look like tramps. Queer how suspicious women are about things like that.

The Aunt called Mrs. D—— on the phone. Mrs. D—— lives in Allentown. She vouched for our characters. The Aunt was satisfied. She drove us to Mrs. D——'s. Mrs. D—— loaned us shoes. They were big shoes. Much too big. They looked clumsy. Nevertheless, they were shoes. Then Mrs. D—— drove us back to Bethlehem. We got to the Banquet. They had just started to serve the soup. We considered our day a success.

At the Banquet we met Mac. He, too, had had difficulty in getting there. He hadn't his glasses on. His hair was mussed. His shoes were covered with mud. On the way home, Mac told us his story.

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(Continued from Page 44)

homely virtues of the rapidly-vanishing middle classes. Of course the purpose of the comparison is not to suggest a return to the notions of the past, but to expose the failings of the present. How far Shaw is from a sentimental glorification of the past is suggested by the strangely platonic relations existing between the king and his mistress, who is, I take it, a personification of the aristocratic ideal. Such an ideal is a priceless heritage that is to be cherished, but one which cannot be brought back to life. It has lost the warmth of reality with the passing of the social system which gave it being. The same is true with the concepts arising out of nineteenth-century middle class liberalism which in the play are embodied in the person of the queen. Her majesty is as helpless before the crudity, push and impertinence of the American ambassador as old-fashioned liberalism is before the growth of trusts and monopolies in our economic life. She is nearer to us and more alive, however, than the dashing lady in the other wing of the palace. Furthermore, she is the mother of the king's children—a gracious and kindly mother as she is a good and thoughtful wife. No doubt Shaw by this wants to suggest that out of such wholesome aspects of the past can grow a brighter future—a future that he finds only tolerable if it is different from the present, if it adopts not the ideals of the past but ideals in their different way as noble.

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